THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 9 — Philadelphia, August 26, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 424 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

GARFIELD · THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

By John J Ingalls

Paper Number One: THE SPRINGS OF HIS SUCCESS

IN HIS remarkable treatise upon the influence of "American Institutions," M. de Tocqueville observes that the natural propensity of democracies is to reject the most eminent citizens as rulers; not from hatred of superiority, nor fear of distinguished talents, but because the passion for equality demands the award of approbation to those alone who have risen by popular support.

This was written nearly three-quarters of a century ago, and the tendency, so perceptible to the philosopher then, has increased with accelerating force, till what seemed a vague but ingenious generalization is now recognized as one of the laws of our political system.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic, was by birth and habit an aristocrat. He lived like a noble-man, upon a great inherited estate, in haughty and dignified seclusion, master of slaves, and possessor of the largest private fortune in the United States. His journeys were like those of a royal personage.

The descent from Washington to Jackson was rapid, and has been swifter since. It is quite inconceivable that any party to-day would nominate as its candidate for the Presidency the richest man in the country, traveling *en prince*, and separated by insuperable barriers of rank and station from the common people.

Poverty may be a misfortune, uncomfortable and hard to endure, but as an element of strength in public life it cannot be disregarded.

The great leaders from 1860 to 1870, the most momentous epoch in our history, were all of humble origin—Lincoln, Grant, Wilson, Morton, Sheridan, Andrew, Garrison, and the other chief figures of that period, without exception, had no heritage but an honest name. Wendell Phillips is the only conspicuous character of that time who was born to wealth and culture—"with a silver spoon in his mouth."

Garfield emerged from an obscurity as profound as that of his fellows in fame, and reached an elevation as lofty, and it is perhaps not too much to say that he succeeded less in spite of his disadvantages than because of them.

They were the wings wherewith he flew. The defects of his boyish training and scholarship, the narrow poverty of his youth, the humble avocations of his early manhood, the modest simplicity of his later life were favorable to his fortunes. They kept him at the level of the masses from whom he sprung, not alienated from them by extraordinary endowments, wealth or special refinement, but exhibiting only a higher degree, or more vigorous activity of the qualities and powers usual among men: industry, patience, integrity; so that the great body of citizens in supporting him appeared to be indirectly paying tribute of respect to themselves, and not yielding either voluntary or reluctant obedience to a superior.

My personal acquaintance with Garfield began in September, 1854, when we were students at Williams College. We were of kindred blood, being both descended, he on his mother's side, from Edmund Ingalls, the founder of Lynn, in 1628.

He came to Williams, with three companions, from an Ohio Academy—Hiram, I think—and entered the Junior Class. He was some years the older, but his preparatory studies having been delayed by necessity, he was graduated a year later than I, in the class of 1856. Our relations were cordial and friendly, but not intimate. We were associates on the board of editors of the Williams Quarterly, a college magazine of some pretensions in those days, and in the lecture-room and chapel; on the campus and in the literary societies we met daily, in the unrestrained and sometimes hilarious familiarity of college intercourse.

He immediately took high rank, but not the highest, in scholarship. He identified himself actively with the religious life of the college, but there was nothing of gloomy bigotry or monastic asceticism about his religion. He never held himself aloof from the society of intelligent and vivacious sinners while enjoying the fellowship and communion of the saints.

Like most bright men, he wrote poetry, or what by courtesy was called such, and in one of our last interviews, while recalling some of the incidents of our college days, he alluded to his early indiscretions in blank verse, and jestingly said he never had any serious apprehensions about the result of the Presidential campaign till some injudicious friend resuscitated from the Quarterly one of his metrical compositions and had it reprinted as an argument for his election.

He was particularly active in debate and declamation, and gave promise of strong, but not brilliant, oratory. In casting his horoscope the students predicted that he would be a teacher or a clergyman. No one dreamed that he would have a great political career.

I recall with photographic distinctness his personal appearance on the occasion of his delivery of an oration in the old chapel at the close of his Junior year, in the summer of 1855, when he was twenty-four years of age. The garb of a country tailor lent no grace to his angular, bony and muscular frame. His complexion was white and florid, with mirthful blue eyes. Yellow hair fell back from a brow of unusual height and prominence, and a sparse blond beard scarcely concealed the heavy jaw and the weak, sensuous mouth, whose peculiar protrusion was the most noticeable feature of his striking countenance, whether in speech or repose.

I did not see him after my graduation till I entered the Senate in 1873.

He had changed almost beyond recognition. He had become stout, heavy and dusky, with a perceptible droop of the head and shoulders, as if bent with burdens. But the old cordial, effusive, affectionate manner remained; a familiar, exuberant freedom that had none of the restraint and effacement which commonly characterizes the moods of the man who has mingled much with men.

Indeed, to the very last it was apparent that Garfield was country-born. There was an indefinable something in his voice, his dress, his walk, his ways, redolent of woods and fields rather than of drawing-rooms, diplomacy, statecraft and crowded streets. There was a splendid rusticity in his simple nature which breathed unmistakably of the generations of yeomen from whom he sprung.

As an occasional visitor to the House of Representatives I often heard him upon the floor. He was not a ready, offhand, skillful debater. He was disconcerted by sharp and sudden attack. He was without capacity for retort and repartee. He had no emergency bag, but in the ability to deal with large subjects, after deliberation, with broad and comprehensive strength and candor, he was not excelled by any contemporary. He had a strong, penetrating voice, pitched in the middle key, with a slightly nasal and metallic quality, and an air of conviction which compelled respect.

He told no stories and shot off no fireworks on the stump. His earlier speeches were highly rhetorical and pedantic, but he abandoned the pyrotechnic style, cultivated simplicity, and became a master of the difficult art of clear, condensed statement of points and conclusions.

There was no capacity in which Garfield was not surpassed by some of his associates. He wore the stars of a Major-General, but his achievements as a soldier are forgotten. As an orator he was eclipsed by Conkling, and as a debater he was far outrun by Blaine. As a lawyer he will not be remembered. As a statesman his name is not imperishably associated with any great measure of national policy or internal reform. He had few of the qualities of successful political leadership, but in public estimation he is enshrined as the foremost man of his generation.

Much of this sentiment no doubt is due to his tragic death, but the real secret of his hold upon the affections of mankind has not yet been detected.

Garfield was splendidly equipped, and magnificently disqualified for executive functions. Had he lived, I suppose his administration would have been a disastrous failure. Fate in one sense was kind to him. He died at a good time for his fame.

The combination of intellectual and executive power is rare among men. I do not recall in ancient

or modern history one man illustrious as a legislator or renowned as an orator who has been equally distinguished for executive capacity. Possibly the reason may be that opportunity for both is seldom presented to the same person, but the main explanation undoubtedly is that the habits of mind required for oratory and for action in emergencies, in Cabinets or on battle-fields, are essentially different, and in most natures incompatible. It is quite as difficult to conceive of Daniel Webster in command at Appomattox as of Grant delivering the reply to Hayne. So it seemed to me that Garfield in giving up the Senate, to which he had just been chosen, and accepting the Presidency, invited his evil destiny. In that congenial forum to which he had so long aspired he might have long remained, with increasing fame and honor, the foremost champion of those potential ideas which are revolutionizing the world.

Sherman believes Garfield betrayed him at the Chicago convention, but I am sure that his nomination was entirely unexpected. He was in a way a fatalist, and believed he was destined to be President, but not then.

A few weeks before the convention I was talking with a friend in the Senate restaurant about the situation. We had mentioned Garfield as a possible dark horse if Blaine's enemies made a deadlock, and just then he entered and we called him to our table. We told him the subject of our conversation, and jocularly tendered him the nomination. The talk that ensued took on a graver tone, but it left no doubt in my mind that while he regarded the Presidency among the possibilities of his future, he did not consider it probable for many years to come.

As I recall that interview, it seems incredible to remember that within less than eighteen months from that hour he was nominated, elected, inaugurated and slain!

Indelibly inscribed in my recollection is the appearance of Garfield beneath the blaze of an electric light in the balcony of the Riggs House on the occasion of a serenade and reception tendered him after his return from the convention.

He seemed to have reached the apex of human ambition. He was a Representative in Congress. He was a Senator-elect from his native State. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated him as the candidate of his party for the Presidency. Such an accumulation of honors had never before fallen upon an American citizen. A vast multitude thronged the intersecting streets, listening to his brief speech attentively and respectfully, but without enthusiasm. They were partisans of Blaine, of Grant, of Conkling, of Morton, of Sherman, and the passions of the gigantic contest had not yet subsided. The silence was ominous. Nemesis already stood, a menacing apparition, in the black shadows.

I spoke to a friend, who stood near me in the hem of the audience, of the strange mutations of fortune the spectacle suggested to me, little thinking then of the yet more memorable vicissitudes so soon to follow; the abrupt termination of those magnificent hopes and ambitions through the dark vista of the near future; the sudden catastrophe of an exasperated destiny; premature death on the threshold of incomparable prophecy of greatness and renown. Could coming events cast their shadows before, he might have discerned those words of doom, the last that were ever traced by his feeble and trembling hand—"*strangulatus pro respublica!*"

The Administration of President Garfield began under the happiest auspices. It was a second Era of Good Feeling. Those were halcyon days. The lion and the lamb had lain down together. Mr. Garfield had not been identified with the internecine feuds and quarrels intestine which had rent his party asunder. He had made a treaty of amity, peace and concord with Conkling and Grant. No executive ever came into the possession of power with greater opportunities. The people were weary of schism, duels and invective. Garfield was exempt from these, and enjoyed the respect and cordial good will of the people.

American Presidents have not always been the highest types of manhood. Selected usually because they were available, rather than because they were fit, they have inspired little enthusiasm except among those appointed to office.

But here at last was an ideal occupant of the White House, for whom the dreamers had so long sighed in vain—a man who was a soldier, a statesman, an orator, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian!

His public career, while not free from error, had been, in the main, broad and satisfactory. From obscurity he had emerged by the force of native genius and attained the loftiest elevation without losing his head and becoming either "bossy" or giddy. The people justly regarded him with contented pride as a signal illustration of the scope afforded by popular institutions for talents, industry and ambition.

His personal qualities were attractive, his presence impressive, and his address equally removed from familiarity and from reserve.

His temperament was ardent and impulsive. He desired intensely to be written as one who loved his fellowmen. He was incapable of intrigue or hatred. He had no personal enemies. His long, active parliamentary life had been without rancor or bitterness. He had a large, broad brain well furnished by study, and a genuine love for literature which survived his youth and was the best solace of laborious years. His impulses were high and generous. He intended to have pure public service, and to administer the government as a trust confided to him by Providence, and for whose exercise he was directly responsible to God.

One of Garfield's first public acts after his inauguration was the reception, in the gathering gloom of the twilight of that dismal March day, in the East Room of the White House, of the venerable Mark Hopkins, former President of the College, and a delegation of Williams alumni, to whose address of congratulation he made a most pathetic and feeling response, which seemed burdened with prophetic sadness, as if he already felt the solemn shadow of the disaster that was so soon to terminate his career.

"For a quarter of a century," said he, "Doctor Hopkins has seemed to me a man apart from other men; like one standing on a mountain summit, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of heaven!"

The Senate assembled in extraordinary session immediately after the inauguration, and thereafter I met him constantly in connection with public affairs till the adjournment in May. Conkling, exasperated by the selection of Blaine as Secretary of State, precipitated that tremendous battle which resulted in his own overthrow, the loss of New York, the defeat of Blaine four years later, and the election of Grover Cleveland.

A very perceptible, but indefinable, change came over Garfield. He lost his equanimity and became infirm of purpose. He was tortured by the importunate mob of place hunters that surged through his reception chamber, as he said, "like the volume of the Mississippi River!" The weight of responsibility oppressed him. The duties of the Chief Magistrate were irksome. During his public life hitherto he had little to do with patronage, and now he could attend to little else. He disliked to say no. Wanting to please everybody, he let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." His love of justice impelled him to hear both sides, and his mind was so receptive that he felt the force of all arguments, and the last was the strongest. He hesitated to decide between hungry and angry contestants, so that, without being irresolute or vacillating, he seemed sometimes to halt and doubt, to the verge of timidity.

His nature was so generous that he instinctively supported the vanquished, whether enemy or friend. He sympathized with the under dog. This trait in his character was strikingly exemplified while he lay on his deathbed, at the termination of the Senatorial conflict at Albany. He heard of the election of Miller and Lapham, and, though Garfield himself was the principal victim of the struggle, he said with great earnestness: "I am sorry for Conkling. I will give him anything he wants, or any appointment he may desire!"

Morally he was invertebrate. He had no bony structure. He surrendered, unconsciously perhaps, to the powerful, aggressive, artful domination of Blaine, and became like clay in the hands of the potter. After the battle had raged for a time, a "Committee of Safety" was appointed by Republican Senators, and a hollow truce was patched up. If certain things were done Conkling amiably said he would go into the cloak-room and hold his nose while other nominations were confirmed, in order to break the deadlock. After consenting to the compromise, Blaine or some other pastmaster of diplomacy convinced Garfield that it was an ignominious and disgraceful back-down on his part. So, yielding first to the blandishments of the "half-breeds," and then to the threats of the "stalwarts," at last, in a moment of weak desperation, consulting no one, he withdrew the New York nominations in gross, made further compromise impossible, and the whole political fabric tumbled from turret to foundation stone in irretrievable ruin.

Editor's Note—In ex-Senator John J. Ingalls' series of political reminiscences this is the first of two papers on Garfield—the Man of the People. Number two will appear next week.

AMERICANS need more air, more exercise. They need to walk more. Try a walking-tour in autumn, and don't make work of it. If you are in athletic form, and a thirty-mile tramp is easy, it is not too much; but if you walk for more than the sake of walking, if you enjoy scenery, if you are interested in geology, mineralogy, entomology, botany; if you fish, if you swim, if you sketch or photograph, if you like to feel that your feet are as free as your head, let it be less; even so little as ten miles a day. That is a thing each man or company may adjust. Only, if you urge yourself to the point of collapse, your spirits will share in the depression, and instead of being a benefit your tour will become a strain and a bore.

Pedestrianism is more profitable when one is alone, but the fondness for society is so strong that one seldom hears of a man and never of a woman tramping among the hills without company. If he who has longed to break away from the usual and try even three days of such a trip would summon spunk and really do it, he would find that the monotony he feared was in his fancy, and that there was plenty to interest him along the road.

WITH YOUR THOUGHTS AS COMPANIONS

Moreover, one develops himself most when alone. The orator, the preacher, the writer, seldom has a thought worth while when he is in company. It is in the night silences, in the hours of meditation, in the company of the eternities that we are most and profitably ourselves. Yet, as a pleasure, and viewed from the standpoint of convenience, tours in company are commended. One advantage is that it enables the participants to lighten their loads, since one guide-book will do for the party, one watch, one compass, one cup, one pack of cards—handy on dull evenings in the tavern and in the noon rests under the trees. Some have such confidence in the man with the most money that they allow him to pay all the bills and square up with him after; a good thing in theory, but not in practice, because in an exact division there are injustices, one having had more to eat or drink than another, smoked more cigars, had a better room, or taken a carriage ride to save a blistered toe.

It stands to reason that one will talk more, think less, see less and walk less in company than when alone, for the slowest regulates the pace; and while chat makes the way short, and accidents and delays become subjects for jest instead of repining, talk occupies the mind largely to the exclusion of the scenery. Pedestrians learn less in a crowd than when alone, yet they do not profit less in respect of health. The sun is as bright, the air as invigorating, the walk, the climb, the swim as energizing when half a dozen share it as when it is enjoyed by one. And the temper of the party is apt to be good, for there is a shame in exposing our infirmities to our friends; and while freedom of expression is granted, the fact that all are trying to have a good time tends to sweeten the dispositions of all.

TRAMPING ALONG SCIENTIFIC LINES

An agreement having been made with one's self or a few associates, and the route canvassed by help of the admirable wheelmen's maps, an understanding is to be made as to luggage, for if one insists on taking ten pounds he will hold back the others who are worrying along with five. Three is enough. A nightgown, an extra shirt, a handkerchief or two, a comb, a toothbrush, a penknife and some money, and you have the principal part of your outfit. It is not well to have more, for a weight that is not appreciable in the morning is back-breaking by night, and one of the charms of a tramp trip is the doing away with luxuries. The expense of the tour is moderate, unless they who share it are of the sort that must be continually treating and drinking more than they want; or unless some moneyed man of the party insists on lodging in the cities, instead of the villages, where he chooses the most expensive hotels and restaurants, and is followed into them by his associates because their false pride does not allow them to economize.

The farmer is not so hospitable to wanderers as he used to be. The American leisure class, known as tramps, has injured the chance of a pleasant reception for the honest and solvent traveler at his hands, but on a pinch one can buy a meal or a lodging from him. If the pedestrian has a summer before him, and overlooked chances for acquiring wealth behind him, he may pay his way with work, and the farmers are glad to find such. They are sore beset for want of helping hands. Tramps will not work, and men who can hurry to the cities and too often become burdens there. I know one young man who tramped through the Catskills, taking them leisurely, and who, at the end of his vacation, had spent about six dollars. He had worked for the farmers, had lived well, and had enjoyed his summer. Here, then, is information for those well-meaning and wrong-doing philanthropists who give money to beggars who whine about their inability to get work. The work awaits them in the country. They are in terror lest they should find it.

THE PROBLEM OF CLEAN LINEN

Laundering is not so difficult as it looks to a tourist who is never in the same place for two consecutive days. It can be done overnight in the taverns if the traveler insists that he must have his raiment at a certain hour. As to clothing, it does not matter, so long as it is strong and light. Unless one expects to go into society, his old clothes are good enough. Clothing of gray is best, for it shows dust less plainly than cloth that is either very light or very dark, and the only article about which one must be particular is shoes. These must be strong, pliant and old. To walk in shoes that have not been broken to the foot is rash.

When one is alone, a stick from a wayside sapling is a help, not merely in getting over the ground, but as supplying occupation for otherwise idle hands and giving a sense of companionship. It is also handy in case some ill-conditioned cur disputes the right to the highway. The satchel should be small, carried from the shoulder by a strap—not a bag or knapsack to attract attention and cause the farmers to look upon you as a drummer.

TWENTY MILES A DAY AND NO SHOP TALK

But, however the weight is lightened about the body, it is most important that it be lifted from the heart. A man who carries his business or his troubles with him, who allows them to get on his nerves, who does not sleep for thinking of them, is a veritable kill-joy, and must be forced to reform. "Twenty miles a day and no shop" was the understanding, and a good one, with a certain party of walkers. If one is alone he should carry a book to read in the tavern after supper, and in bad weather, only he should not read so late as to delay him in his start next morning, for the best of a walk is taken when the air is sweet and fresh, the dew has laid the dust, the temperature is low, the mountains are lifting off their blankets of vapor and awaking.

To the man afoot the world is care-free. Why is it that so many who spend their days of duty behind a desk or counter elect to pass their holidays on hotel verandas in overdressed, loud-talking crowds? Give up the starch and the ceremony. Forget Mother Grundy for a fortnight. Try the roads.

THE EVENIN' HYMN

By Joe Lincoln

WHEN the hot summer daylight is dyin',
And the mist through the valley has rolled,
And the soft velvet clouds to the west'ard
Are purple, with trimmin's of gold,
Then, down in the medder-grass, dusky,
The crickets chirp out from each nook,
And the frogs with their voices so husky
Jine in from the marsh and the brook.

The chorus grows louder and deeper,
An owl sends a hoot from the hill,
The leaves on the elm-trees are rustlin',
A whippoorwill calls by the mill;
Where swamp honeysuckles are bloomin',
The breeze scatters sweets on the night,
Like incense the evenin' perfumin',
With fireflies fer candles alight.

And the noise of the frogs and the crickets
And the birds and the breeze air to me
Lots better than high-toned suppraners,
Although they don't git to "high C."
And the church, with its grand painted skylight,
Seems cramped and forbiddin' and grim,
Side of my old front porch in the twilight,
When God's choir sings its "Evenin' Hymn."

APPLICATION THIRTY-SEVEN-FIFTY

A Tale of the Census

By HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS

"FRIARLY, KENTUCKY, May 1, 1899.

"My Dear Alisan, My Beloved Child:

"Nothing but the fact that I am stricken in heart and health would induce me to permit you to undertake this mission alone and in a strange town, and also, nothing but the fact that my old friend can be absolutely relied upon in every relation of private and public life would make it possible for you to seek him, the Chief Executive, upon such a mission as this.

"I would have you, my child, take your courage in your two hands, go to him, give him my letter here inclosed, recall to him his old friend, Frederick Page, recall to him the old regiment, the old battles we fought side by side. If he should have forgotten, or should fail to warm to the old friendship, then God help us! If he should not have forgotten, then God bless him, and bless you, my brave daughter!

"Your father,

"FREDERICK CHANDLER PAGE."

Alisan read this letter over again and again with gathering tears, and then with quick, kindling enthusiasm she recalled the letter her father had inclosed, with its precious indorsement on the back of it. This letter had been addressed simply to "The President." It was a short, pathetic appeal to the friendship of other days, and it had besought an interest in her, Alisan. She dropped her hands in her lap for a moment and went over in her mind every detail of the wonderful interview she had had at the Executive Mansion, and all the strange happenings that had followed so closely upon its heels.

Should she ever in all her life to come forget the exquisite, benign courtesy with which, after hours of agonizing waiting in a big anteroom filled with politicians, this great man had met and greeted her, and when he had read the letter which she had mutely held out to him, should she ever forget the warmth which the letter and the memory of the old friendship had brought to his face?

He had held out his hand to her and guided her to a corner of the room apart from the rest of the throng that was awaiting its turn for an audience. He had questioned her in his deep, modulated voice about her father, about their misfortunes, and as her tale fell upon his ear he had nodded his head from time to time in sympathetic appreciation.

Then he had asked her if she had any definite plan or place in her mind, and she had timidly murmured the word "census." After that he had once again read over her father's letter, and then turning it over had written upon the back of it:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"May 6, 1899.

"To the Director of the Census:

"Dear Governor: This is a case in which I take a deep, personal interest. The bearer of this is the daughter of one of my old friends. He fought all through the War of the Rebellion, receiving several wounds, and was distinguished for exceptional bravery. He has never asked for any recognition of his services, but now he needs help, and I should esteem it a favor if you can do something for the daughter in the census now organizing under you. If you cannot find a fitting place for her, keep this letter and call my attention to it.

"Yours, WM. MCK——"

After he had handed her back the letter with his indorsement he had taken her hand in cordial pressure and said assuringly:

"If this should miscarry in any way, come again to me. My old friend's appeal must not fall to the ground."

And Alisan, before he could relinquish her hand, had bent her knee in a sweet, old-fashioned curtsy and touched her young lips to the hand which still held hers.

Afterward she had taken her father's letter with its precious indorsement straight to the Director of the Census. She had had no idea what an open sesame she held in her hands. When she had entered the waiting-room wherein was gathered ever the same group of hungry, harassed office-seeking men and women, she had said hesitatingly:

"I should like to see the Director."

"It is impossible, Madam. He is too much engaged at present. I can give you any informa——"

The clerk did not finish, for Alisan had broken in with eagerness: "But I bear a letter to him from the President."

This had changed the aspect of the situation at once, and it was scarce a moment thereafter before she had been ushered into the room where the Director was engaged in setting in motion the cumbersome machinery of the Twelfth Census. Two or three Congressmen were insistently demanding their quota of the patronage. One Senator was urging the appointment of a *protégé* who had already failed to pass the required examination, even threatening to go to the President with the matter.

But to one and all the Director had maintained a calm, firm, courteous bearing. He had assured each that no appointment could or would be made unless the applicant could pass the examination; that not even the President himself would have the power to suspend this rule. And Alisan, whose heart had sunk at the mention of an examination, could not but acknowledge to herself the absolute fairness and impartiality of the Director who would not be swayed even by threats of Executive interference.

When the Director had come around to her he read the indorsement with its request, then read her father's letter, then looked at her perplexedly and said slowly:

"Of course, I must do everything I can for the President, but——"

He paused and considered a moment, then asked:

"Can you pass an examination?"

"Must I?" she had asked pleadingly.

"You must," he had replied briefly but kindly; then he added: "You will not find it difficult. Go to the assistant, ask him for an application blank, fill it in properly, send it to me with this letter from the President, and you will then be notified of the date of the examination. You will come before the examiner, Mr. Blunt. After that I will see what can be done. Good-morning."

All these instructions she had followed out and complied with. She had filled in her application, in which she had to asseverate that she was neither addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors nor ever been indicted for crime. This application had been labeled and filed simply as Application Thirty-Seven Hundred and Fifty. Now she was awaiting a notification to appear for examination.

She wished that she could shake off the feeling of apprehension which had seized upon her at the mention of the name of the examiner before whom she was to appear. The Director had said distinctly, "Mr. Blunt," and with the utterance of that name there had rushed over her all the pent-up anguish of the last two years.

It was most strange that the last name of this unknown examiner should be the same as Wilfrid Blunt's. She wondered, as she had often wondered for two long years, what had become of Wilfrid.

Never since that terrible night when she had called him in her frenzy "coward" and "cut-throat," and her father had turned him out of the house, had she seen or heard of him. Even their earnest search for him afterward had been vain when they had learned that the disgrace and shame were not his, but theirs; that it was Chandler, her brother Chandler, who had been the "coward" and "cut-throat," and not Wilfrid Blunt.

And Alisan put her hands up before her face to shut out the hideous recollection of that night when they had broken in the door of her brother's room and she had seen Wilfrid Blunt, the man she loved, the man to whom only a few short hours before she had pledged herself, choking her brother into insensibility, their two faces and the faces of the other men present pale and distorted with passion.

Wilfrid had made all sorts of tender speeches

The whole scene, the flickering candles, the glasses overturned on the table, the cards on the floor, all were stamped on her brain as in pictures of fire.

The tears trickled through her fingers at the recollection; then her mind traveled back over every detail of that night and its revelations. Not one of the men in that room had offered any explanation, and there had been only Chandler's half-choked, frantic denunciation to go upon. He had fiercely denounced Wilfrid Blunt as "cheat," "cut-throat," and Wilfrid had been in such a white heat of rage that he had only heeded the words by grappling again with Chandler, the other men all remaining mute, seemingly paralyzed and unable either to defend or explain the situation.

Then her father had tried, with the help of a man-servant, to separate the two men, sternly ordering Wilfrid to quit the house at once, but this Wilfrid had not heeded, and they had momentarily expected Chandler to breathe his last gasp.

It was not until she, Alisan, had rushed forward and in her girlish horror called Wilfrid "cheat" and "cut-throat" that he had loosened his hold on Chandler's throat and faced her with such a conflict of passions on his face as made him almost unrecognizable.

Mingling with them was something the same look that must have been on Cæsar's face when Brutus' steel had pierced him. He had forthwith dropped his arms and relaxed the tension of his entire body.

Then without a word or look he had gone out of the house, out of the grounds, out of the big gates. It was in the middle of the night that he had gone thus.

Afterward, when she and her father would have given their all to make amends to him, they could not come upon any trace of him, and it was not until weeks had passed that they learned that he had gone out of the country.

For the dawn which followed upon that night had scarcely come when the truth began to be known to them. Chandler, her father's only son, was an acknowledged gambler and cheat at cards. He and his companions had enticed Wilfrid Blunt to that room, where behind locked doors they had fleeced and robbed him of everything he possessed; and when he had tried to break from them and leave the room he had found that he should have to fight his way out, and if the door had not been broken open the fight would have been to the finish, and the finish would have been that of Chandler.

"'Deed, I's obleeged to come in, base the janitor's gwine to lock up. I's mighty sorry, but——"

After that night, in which Alisan felt that all the love and hope of her life were buried, sorrow and disgrace had come in quick succession. Chandler's debts began to pour in upon her father. He had tried to stem the torrent by parting with this bit of property and that, till only the immediate home was left—the beautiful old home that had belonged to her mother's people, which her father had bought in when he had determined to settle in Kentucky, and where long after the war she and Chandler had been born and where her mother had died.

This house had finally to be offered at public auction; but even this was not all which the bitter cup held for them; there had been still one draught left to drink; Chandler had been stabbed in a brawl and had died in a low public-house.

Under this last blow her father had succumbed. He had been stricken down, and she, Alisan, had come on this mission to seek help of her father's old friend, the President.

To-morrow, perhaps, or next day at farthest, she would go up for examination before this Mr. Blunt, who, the shabby man in her boarding-house had told her, was a kindly, elderly man who would make it as easy for her as he could.

She still wished in her heart that he did not bear the same name as Wilfrid. Then her mind went back to the only sweet, tender thing her life had ever held, when Wilfrid had told her that he loved her, and she felt again with quivering lips the kisses he had taken, pleading that she would give them back to him, only she had never dared to do so.

And then she remembered the half-tame blue jay which had alighted on a bough just over their heads, and Wilfrid had not known, or had pretended not to know, what kind of bird it was, and she had told him about the blue jay and its habits, and how she had succeeded in partially taming this particular bird so that it would come and light near her whenever she appeared. Wilfrid had made all sorts of tender speeches about her power to attract not only the birds of the air but the beasts of the field, until her face had tingled with the glow of his words; and even to-day at the memory of them her pale cheeks took on a tint that had been absent from them for many months.

Then she sighed, for this tender recollection was soon merged in the tragic happenings of the night which had followed upon that blissful afternoon.

So Alisan went over and over again all the untoward events of her young life, and always came up against the grim, unopened door of the future to which, like old Omar, she had no key. But when in a short time she received a notification to appear for examination, hope mounted high.

Nevertheless, at the appointed time she went forth in her plain mourning garb, worn for the worthless Chandler, with a certain buoyancy in all her movements. On her face was an unwonted glow, and in her eyes shone an unflickering courage; but in spite of these signs of the strong woman about her she seemed after all to be but a mere slip of a girl.

She was some time ahead of the hour named, and when she reached the place she pushed open the heavy doors and let them swing back boldly. In her hand she carried the card of admission which bore her number. This she had been instructed to give to the examiner, but there was no one present. She noted with quick interest the tables on either side of the room, equipped and ready for the day's ordeal. She decided promptly to choose a seat which would bring her directly under the eye and ear of the examiner and give her a near view of the blackboard.

She had made scarcely half the distance of the long, empty room when the door immediately ahead of her, leading from

some inner part of the building, opened and some one entered with brisk step.

Alisan glanced sharply toward the newcomer, then narrowed her eyes as though short-sighted and as if to get a better focus; then she opened them wide in a strained and frightened way and threw out her hand to grasp a chair.

There was a strange surging in her ears and a still stranger surging in her heart. She scraped the chair slightly over the floor in her effort to steady herself; then she stood rigid and tense, to receive the full force of this last trick of Fortune.

The light from the windows was behind Alisan so that the man advancing toward her only discerned a dark figure holding tightly to the back of a chair, but when the figure swayed and the chair threatened to slip from her he hurried forward, thinking that some young applicant was becoming unnerved at the approaching examination. When he came within a few steps of her he, too, stopped short and leaned suddenly against the big table.

They stared into each other's faces mutely, unbelievingly, these two, Alisan and Wilfrid Blunt. Finally he said in a low tone, as though fearing to disturb the vision before him:

"Alisan!"

She made no response. The strained look in her eyes did not fade. He spoke again almost doubtfully:

"It is Alisan, is it not?"

"Yes," she breathed, rather than spoke.

"Why is it that you are here?" he asked, scarcely more loudly than she had spoken.

She shook her head. Then he asked with quickened, apprehensive voice:

"Your father?"

"Ill," she breathed.

"Your home?"

"Gone," she said, with a half sob.

"Your brother?" he asked with an involuntary hardening of his tone.

"Dead," she replied, slightly touching her mourning garb.

"And you, Alisan, what of you? Why are you here?" he said with rising emotion.

"I am here to pass the examination, if I can; to—to——" and she broke off with a piteous gesture of her hand.

He made an involuntary move toward her, then checked himself and shut his lips grimly, as though to keep himself well in hand.

She noticed his quickly checked movement and misunderstood it. She made an effort to gather her forces and said, haltingly and unevenly, in a voice which he had to bend his head to hear:

"Mr. Blunt, a grievous mistake was made two years ago. A great wrong was done you. My father and I have always wished to make reparation. We learned the truth at once, but it was too late; you were gone. I had no idea that you were the examiner before whom I should come to-day. I will not detain you longer; I will not stay to—to——"

She could not finish, but turned quickly toward the door.

He sprang to her side and said rapidly, almost passionately:

"For the love of Heaven, Alisan, do not add to the mistake of two years ago by making a still more grievous one to-day!"

She stopped, shaken out of herself, and turned to meet his compelling gaze. His face was white and resolute. Hers was white, too, but it was tremulous and wavering.

He would have said more, but just at that moment groups of young men and women in twos and threes began to appear in the doorway. It was the hour fixed for the examination to begin, and there was no chance for further words between them.

Wilfrid laid his hand for an instant upon hers in silent entreaty, and she in a strange inward tumult found herself following him back down the long room. He placed a chair for her at a table nearest the platform. He arranged before her every implement needed for the day's work, then he bent over her and said in a lowered voice:

"Be brave, Alisan. I will make it as easy as I can for you."

But Alisan felt that she had little chance in the ordeal before her, for she was too shaken and unnerved by this meeting to do herself justice. She was dimly conscious that Wilfrid was speaking to the whole roomful, but what he was saying was unmeaning to her.

She noticed that his voice was uneven, and that when he put up his hand to demonstrate something on the blackboard it trembled almost as much as hers did; and gradually there began to steal over her a conviction which thrilled through every nerve: that this meeting had stirred him as much, if not more, than it had her; that it meant as much to him as to her; that if she had suffered, so had he, and suddenly she found herself strong and steady.

She grasped her pen, collected her wandering thoughts, and began to give careful attention to the demonstrations on the blackboard. The first tests were to be in mathematics—decimals, percentages and averages. She plunged into them, and sometimes threw down her pen to take up a scratch-pad and pencil to work out roughly something difficult which must not spoil the official sheet that was to be handed in.

She did not pause; she scarcely even hesitated in her work, and she turned a deaf ear to the buzz of discontent and discouragement of other contestants. She was conscious that Wilfrid made various tours of the room explaining here, encouraging there. She knew that he frequently came to her side, but she did not look up from her work. She did not care to encounter his eyes, and he did not speak.

Once when he paused beside her his hand dropped casually upon her paper, and as her eyes rested upon the place where his hand had been she noticed that it had marked a faulty result in her figuring. She could not be sure that he had meant to attract her attention to it, but she could not help a feeling of security stealing over her.

After several hours of mathematics they were given a trial of the tabulating machine, and this was followed by a dictation. By this time she had regained so much of her nerve and confidence that she found herself watching for Wilfrid's approach, and she noted the expression on his face when, during the dictation, a plaintive voice from another part of the room was heard to say:

"Some one told me to be sure to put two 'c's' and two 'm's' in a certain word, but I can't for the life of me remember whether it was 'recommend' or 'accommodate.'"

Alisan saw the flicker of amusement on his face, and her pulses bounded when he shot a keen glance across at her as he used to do in the old, happy days down in Kentucky whenever anything funny happened; then suddenly she realized with fright that she had answered his glance in the same way, and she put a guard upon herself. Try as he would, Wilfrid could not get even a lifting of her head in his direction again.

The whole room was now absorbed in composing the required letter to the Director, and here Alisan was happily inspired to draw a picture of the old method of taking the census among the Romans, giving the derivation of the word. It is safe to believe that this letter was in the nature of an enlightenment to more than one official. But when the sheets were laid before her containing tests of history, geography, and constitutional laws of the country, she knew that some of them were far beyond her.

She wondered where the Hennepin Canal was. Suddenly she recalled having heard her father once say that in his opinion it never would be built, and she quickly traced back in her mind the conversation she had heard until she located it where it would one day be. Then she took up the question of a recent foreign arbitration. This she was considering when the plaintive voice was again heard in a whisper:

"Does any one know how to spell 'Nicaragua'?"

A voice answered with asperity: "Great Scott! What are you doing down in Nicaragua on such a day as this?"

Again Alisan knew that the little amused flicker was upon Wilfrid's face, and she lowered her own to cover a smile.

Just a bit later she herself came to a question upon which there was no light for her. "Who was the first Chief Justice of the United States?" stared at her in cold print, and there was not a ray of knowledge in her mind. Yet she instinctively wrote down "John"—but John who? Was it John Marshall? she wondered. She began to tap her pen nervously upon her paper. It could not have been John Marshall, she decided, and yet——. Then the plaintive voice was again heard in the land:

"Oh, why does Uncle Sam bother so about the old, snuffy Chief Justices! I don't know who the present one is, much less the first." The despair of this was irresistible.

There was a slight ripple all over the room until Wilfrid brought his pencil down with a sharp rap. He walked over to the owner of the plaintive voice to speak a word of encouragement, and then he approached Alisan. He had noted all during the day the expressions of her face, of which every shade and variation of meaning was well known to him, and he wished with hot impatience that he could sweep away the whole roomful of restless, tired applicants and have only her left to him for a blissful time, that he might win from her a retraction that he was either a coward or a cut-throat.

He leaned slightly over her and glanced down upon the sheet before her. He noticed that only one question upon it remained unanswered. There was only part of a name written where the whole should be. He stooped lower and said rapidly, in a voice that no one else could hear:

"I have never forgotten a certain happy afternoon when a beautiful blue bird lighted over our heads and you told me all about it. I hope that your memory is as good as mine, and that you can recall the occasion and the bird now."

He passed on slowly, and Alisan sat for an instant without moving and scarcely breathing, but the blood receded from her heart and rushed over her in a great wave, dyeing her face and throat a deep red. She knew beyond all doubt that Wilfrid was telling her two things. He was telling her the other half of the name of which she was so ignorant, but, far more precious still, he was telling her something else besides.

She drew her sheet of questions nearer to her and dipped her pen afresh, then she paused. Was it fair, after all? she wondered. She almost laughed aloud the next instant as she read over again the printed question, "Who was the first Chief Justice?" She boldly wrote after it: "John Jay."

It would be almost impossible for Alisan to have told what the remainder of her census examination was about. She was conscious of having mechanically filled out other answers, but what they were she did not know.

She became aware that the last sheets were being gathered up, that there was an increasing hubbub all about her, that the room was fast emptying of its contestants, and that for some reason she was unaccountably slow in following the others. At last her belongings were picked up. The buttons on her gloves were fastened and her veil was drawn down. There was nothing now to be done but to reach the door. She did not glance around, but started forward. She had gone but a few paces when she heard her name spoken:

"Miss Page, one moment, please."

She turned about and found that Wilfrid was following closely upon her steps. They stood a moment in silence, each striving for an interchange of merely friendly words.

Alisan said in a tone which she vainly tried to make light and careless:

"I do not suppose, Mr. Blunt, that I have come within seventy-five points of passing this examination to-day?"

"You must have passed, and brilliantly. I am not a *bona fide* examiner. I have only been filling another man's place for a few days as an accommodation to the Governor. I shall not have the marking of the papers," he added regretfully.

She was regarding him wistfully, hoping for further explanation and a further opening of the way. He spoke again after a moment:

"I am here only temporarily. I am expecting to go abroad on business for the Government, to collect data and to consult with foreign statisticians, but to-day's meeting is likely to revolutionize any and every plan of mine."

Alisan did not look up. She was prodding the floor with the point of her umbrella. An old negro charwoman, with bucket and mop, came to the door and looked in, but upon a motion from Wilfrid retired. Wilfrid came close to her and said in a grave, quiet voice:

"Alisan, I have gone about for two years feeling almost that I had the brand of Cain upon my soul, for if you had not thrown out those terrible words I should have killed Chandler that night. Afterward I did not think it likely that you would or could hear the whole truth of what happened behind that locked door. I knew that Chandler was all-powerful with your father and you, that you would both believe his accusation that I was a cheat at cards, for you had just had visual evidence that I was trying my best to kill him. I never thought that I had been righted in your eyes, for I have never received a word or an intimation that the truth was known."

"But, Wilfrid," she broke in eagerly, "we tried our very best to find you. You went to Europe almost immediately, and——"

She put out her hand in impetuous gesticulation. He caught it and held it fast.

"Yes, I went to try to get away from myself; but, Alisan, you spoke of reparation this morning. I am waiting for it. I have been waiting all day for it, and the day has been long."

She backed away from him, trying to withdraw her hand. She said nervously:

"If the day was long to you, what do you suppose it was to me, knowing that my bread and butter were to depend on my success in answering all those terrible questions?"

"Especially the terrible question of the first Chief Justice," said he. And they both laughed. But it was only an instant before both were silent again from the gravity of the occasion and their nearness to each other. At length Wilfrid said in a resolute tone, drawing her hand up and holding it close to his breast:

"This is not the time nor place that I should choose in which to make you my second confession of love, Alisan, but I have no choice. I am resolved that you shall not go from this building save under promise to me. All this day long I have been altering and shaping my future to yours."

She would have interrupted him here in her nervous dread of the publicity of the place, but he would not brook it. He continued:

"Never mind about the charwoman out there in the corridor, or the open windows. Let all the world look on if it wishes. Listen to me, Alisan. Day after to-morrow, or the next day after that, or one day next week, whichever you choose, you are going to marry me."

"Oh, no, Wilfrid!" she cried aghast.

"Oh, yes, Alisan!" he cried confidently, almost triumphantly. "That is to be your reparation to me—the only reparation I want or will accept."

"But my examination; you forget that I am to go into the census; that I've been to the President to ask for it, and that my father asked for it, too!" she exclaimed agitatedly.

"Alisan, we will go to the President together and thank him. You will tell him that you carried off the honors of the examination, and the examiner along with the honors. Then we will go to your father, and we will not go empty-handed either. We will ask for his blessing and arrange for his comfort, and then you will slip your hand in mine and go with me wheresoever I must or will."

She had been looking at him with bated breath as he boldly flung out his plan, and the whole gamut of emotions had played over her face, beginning with consternation and fright, followed by doubt and uncertainty that merged gradually into possibility and confidence, and then ended all at once in a great wave of love and joy. A tremulous little smile crept around her mouth.

This little smile was Wilfrid's undoing. He gathered her quickly in his arms, and lifting up the film of veil from her face, he covered the soft cheeks and lips with warm kisses, and only desisted when a voice said from the door:

"'Deed, I's obleeged to come in, kase the janitor's gwine to lock up. I's mighty sorry, but——"

Wilfrid looked up to see old Aunt Becky, with mop and bucket, standing in the doorway. Her face was irradiated with a huge, wide smile of delight. He laughed out in triumph and said:

"Oh! Aunt Becky, this young lady has passed her examination and I'm congratulating her."

"I see you is," she chuckled as she stood in the doorway beaming with satisfaction.

A week later, just as Alisan and Wilfrid were about to go back to the old Kentucky home, a long, white envelope was put into Alisan's hands. She tore off the end hastily, and found within a communication bearing the letter-head of the Census Office, and signed by the Assistant Director, which read as follows:

"Miss Alisan Page:

"Dear Madam: I have the honor to inform you that the Examiner reports to the Director that at the examination held May 25 you passed."

The Making of a Journalist

By JULIAN RALPH

Copyright, 1899, by Julian Ralph

Paper No. III

THE life of every journalist is as hard as nails; that of the special correspondent is even harder—yet neither one knows it, nor asks for sympathy. When we appreciate this fact we begin to understand the familiar adage, "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

These men see their strained, exciting, never-halting toil through glasses colored by sentiment or through the heat waves of excitement. They are forever stimulated by competition and freshened by constant novelty. They wonder that their friends pity them; yet it is a fact that they can make no engagements ahead; their time, their leisure, their very lives are not their own. The year around, others stop work at sunset, but when the newspaper writer works, his day is from noon until sunrise. Though it has grown to be an iron service, many of us know how differently it began.

It was once a haphazard, unmethodical business, managed by printers and led by geniuses, ne'er-do-wells, Bohemians—often men of disorderly lives or irresponsible natures, who lived very much as the performers on the stage continued to do long after journalism became a systematized science. To-day there are geniuses on the press, but they are calm and self-controlled. What are termed "Bohemians" still follow the calling, but they wear clean linen, live comfortably, and are only called "Bohemians" because they do not take life as seriously as most persons. In these days all newspaper men must be ready for work at every moment of every day; they must be sober; they must appear well, and they must be able at least to present the external signs of refinement.

I have to look back only twenty years to remember when neither the pay nor the demands upon a journalist in New York warranted his having a suit of evening clothes. Very funny situations resulted from this. I recollect when one of the best reporters in America was made wretched by being ordered to report the Charity Ball, then the greatest and smartest social event of the year in that city. He was obliged to see the people and the dresses and the dancing, and yet he knew he would not be allowed on the dancing-floor in ordinary attire. The plan he hit upon for overcoming this difficulty was peculiar. He bought a white tie, an opera hat and a pair of white gloves, and instead of going to the cotroom he wandered about the lobbies with his coat buttoned, his hat under one arm, and his tie and gloves showing conspicuously so as to suggest that he was properly clad under his great coat. A year afterward he went upon another newspaper, and when I asked him how he liked his new employers he said: "It is a perfect establishment. They always keep a man with a dress suit on the staff."

A SEA CAPTAIN WHO TURNED EDITOR

Captain Ronald F. Coffin, the author of many notable sea tales, used to tell with gusto how he was sent at about this time to a great house to report a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club. He was a well-to-do man, with at least three houses of his own, and money in bank, but he was obliged to stand or fall with the others in the business who were not all such substantial citizens as he. On this occasion the lady of the house saw him seated in the drawing-room, which opened upon a dining-room that had been arranged for a large dinner party and was lustrous with plate and crystal. She called up to her husband to know who was "the person" in the drawing-room, and the Captain heard his host reply that he was a reporter. Upon learning this, the lady crept into the dining-room and, gathering up all the silver spoons and forks, made off with them out of his reach. I am sure that if the cautious lady knew how he laughed at this feat of hers she would smile at it herself.

Captain Coffin's history illustrates another of the manifold routes which men pursue in order to enter the guild of journalism. It also serves to show how various are the sorts of men who drift into the business. He had been the popular Captain of a fast packet-ship sailing between Liverpool and New York, and when the Civil War broke out he enlisted in the Navy and commanded a blockading vessel, on which he distinguished himself by his courage. When the war ended, he went, one Sunday morning, to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preach. There, for the first time, he saw shorthand reporters taking down each word as it fell from the lips of the gifted orator. It struck him that this was a calling he might learn and live by, and so, at past the middle age, he conquered the rather simple science. With this equipment he secured a place on a newspaper, but his sea-knowledge was of more value than stenography, and he became the chief yachting and marine writer of the American newspapers.

One day, Mr. Oakey Hall, an ex-Mayor of New York and also a journalist, sent him to report a fashionable wedding in Grace Church. It was like sending a scientist to criticise Madame Bernhardt's acting, or like asking a musical critic to describe a panic on the Stock Exchange. The old Captain went to the church, but was met at the door by Sexton Brown, a famous character at the time. "No reporters will be allowed in the church," said the sexton sternly. "You don't know how glad I am," the Captain replied; "I was dreadfully afraid you were going to let me in." While he was absent from his office a cartoonist, who had heard of the strange errand upon which he had been sent, drew a cartoon showing the old man in sailor dress interviewing the sexton and asking "How was the bride rigged?"

PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND THE CORRESPONDENTS

Those days are gone. To-day a well-equipped journalist must be able to manage any sort of reporting and to appear in every sort of company. Many such writers have had more or less intimate acquaintance with the leaders of mankind—the Bismarcks and Gladstones, the Gordons and Grants, the Deweys and Beresfords. Journalism has put me on the pleasantest footing with more than one President of the United States. The first President I came to know was General Arthur. Four or five of us correspondents were sent to the St. Lawrence to report his experiences upon a fishing trip. We lived in the same hotel with him, and in the mornings he used to share with us the muskalonge or the bass he had caught on the previous day. And once it came about that he waited upon me as if he had been the humblest man in the land.

With another correspondent I had been kept up late at night telegraphing, and then had stayed up still later over a midnight supper. When we came to the hotel it was past midnight and the entire house—except the windows of the President's suite of seven rooms—was dark and lifeless. His windows were still brilliantly lighted, for it was his habit to work or read until very late at night. We tried all the doors, and when we came to the last one, President Arthur opened it and let us in. We apologized profusely, but he only smiled and said that as his negro boy was very tired and had gone to sleep he thought he would rather let us in himself than disturb his servant.

"You have found very agreeable society here," he said.

"No," we replied; "we have been telegraphing."

"Don't tell me that," he insisted; "you telegraph only about me, and I have done nothing for twenty-four hours. I prefer to envy you, and to believe that you have found some one's society very charming."

To give an idea of the rigid discipline of a modern newspaper establishment I will recall the trivial fact that when I was new and green upon the staff of such a paper I once missed a train which I had been ordered to take. "Impossible!" exclaimed the editor, when I reported the fact. "Let me tell you, sir, that reporters upon this paper never miss trains." A month passed before I could feel that this offense was forgotten, and during that month how many feats of persistency and enterprise I performed in order to get back a good opinion of myself! Most of these performances were never heard of by my superiors.

A RACE FOR A TELEGRAPH WIRE

I remember that I was very much elated over being trusted with such an important task as reporting the execution of a negro murderer at Hempstead, Long Island. I will not dilate upon the horror of seeing such a sight for the first time, or tell how that feeling was increased by the fact that the murderer and I recognized one another as old acquaintances—for he had been a vagabond who idled about the neighborhood where I had lived as a child. He even made a comical face at me as he passed me on his way to the scaffold. When the last scene had been enacted and I was leaving the jail in a leisurely way, I spied another reporter, upon a rival paper, running at full speed across the plain to get to the telegraph office ahead of me. He was an old hand and I was a boy. He worked for rich employers and could pay to keep the telegraph busy for hours, so that I would not be able to send in a word of my report.

I had no other advantage except what came of being younger than he. I ran after him with all my might, and presently, when we were neck and neck, the plain became a sheet of ice, glaring, smooth as window glass, difficult to pass over even at the slowest gait. Still we forged ahead. Presently we came to a depression—a gully—and he kept on the level ground while I ran into the cutting. He was beating me; my strength and wind were giving out. Just when I thought I must allow myself to be beaten and disgraced, I saw him slip and slide, and in another second he had fallen down the tall side of the gully to lie stunned and torn and bleeding at my feet

"I am hurt," he cried; "will you help me to the village?"

"Will you give me the first chance at the telegraph?" I asked.

"Yes, I am beaten; I acknowledge it," he answered.

So I helped him to the town and looked after him—but took care to send my report in ahead of his.

The same spirit engendered by the strict discipline of modern journalism actuated Thomas B. Fielders, of the Times, in New York, and later of the Pall Mall Gazette, of London. He had boarded an ocean steamship at the Quarantine Station in New York harbor, and had obtained the news for which he had been sent, but when he tried to return to his office he was told that he could not leave the ship until the next morning. What do you suppose he did? Seeing a sailing vessel sliding along far below, but close to the towering side of the ship on which he was a prisoner, he leaped over the rail and down upon the deck of the moving vessel. Thus he alone of all the reporters on that errand was enabled to reach the city with his news. "Follow your copy if it blows out of the window" is the order printers always give to their apprentices. "Get what you're sent for if you have to go through fire and water" is the corresponding injunction of the old hands to the new ones in journalism.

SOME NEWS-GATHERERS IN DISGUISE

Another story which illustrates this same spirit is told of me. As I remember it, the tale is that, being ordered to accompany a train that was to attempt to beat the world's record for speed, I was thwarted by the railway managers, who proposed to give the privilege to the correspondent of a rival newspaper. Then, according to the story, I at once set out for a city on the route where I knew that all trains are required to run slowly within the town limits, and where I suspected a change of locomotives would be made. There I pleaded with the Mayor to board the train and take me with him as his secretary. He did so, and I was able to report my sensations during the bullet-like journey.

We will not analyze this story. Its moral is unassailable. If a reporter gets what he is told to, he is a good reporter; if not, he is no good. There is no half-way in that course of schooling.

In England, one day, I sent a well-known journalist to a great party at a ducal house in order that he might describe for an American newspaper what went on there. He telegraphed me that he had been refused admission, and I naturally expected him to come back to London. On the contrary, that night I received by wire a splendid and intimate account of the festivities in question. When he returned I asked him how he got his facts. "I arranged with the bandmaster," said he, "that I should carry the music in and sort it out for the musicians. I carried it in, dressed in the uniform of the orchestra. I could not arrange the music, but when I was inside I sat down behind the bass drum and saw all that I wanted to, without being noticed myself."

Some desperate and many inexcusable things are done in the name of newspaper enterprise, but others as well as myself can tell all who practice such methods that they only succeed for the moment, and that peril to both reporter and newspaper walk hand-in-hand with all fraud. There is a well-known literary man in London who, when he was a youth, ran off with a mail bag which he knew contained a document that he wanted immediately, but which would not be delivered in due course until the next morning. He was chased and shot at by the mail agents, but managed to escape both injury and capture. Not a particle more defensible than this was the trick of the reporter who appeared in Rudyard Kipling's room dressed as a mechanic, and talked with the novelist in that guise. Here, however, is an instance of successful reporting over which many men may take sides and argue warmly for and against what the reporter thought fit to do.

When Li Hung Chang was in London, an American correspondent thought he would try to interview him, though he had heard that the queer old statesman would not talk to a reporter for publication under any circumstances. He called and said he was from America, and was instantly shown into the old man's presence. He got a long interview and bowed himself out. Afterward he heard that Mr. Li supposed he was a member of a committee from America who had been sent to arrange his tour in that country. The strictest moralists will say that he should not have published a word of the interview, under the circumstances. I agree with them, but there are others who will argue differently.

HOMER DAVENPORT'S CALL AT HAWARDEN

To attain difficult ends correspondents have had themselves shut up in prisons and in madhouses, have crossed the ocean in the steerage, have braved the terrors of the cholera in Hamburg and the plague in India, and have invaded every lawless land there is. With them, and with all others, the deeds they have done and the methods they have employed have been invariably weighed by their own consciences, and so it must ever be in such cases. The great statesman, Gladstone, on one occasion, took the question out of the sphere of the correspondent's conscience and settled it himself. It was when Homer Davenport, the cartoonist from America, went to Hawarden to see the aged chieftain in order to familiarize himself with his face and draw it. He met Mr. Gladstone on the road near his house. He told him he was a tourist from Oregon.

"And did you come all the way from Oregon to see me?" Gladstone inquired.

"I did, sir," was Davenport's reply.

"Then," said the ex-Premier, "all I can say is, that you must be fond of travel. Good-morning, sir."

JULIAN RALPH'S FIRST LECTURE

JULIAN RALPH'S first step in the direction of fame was the composition of the German Barber sketches printed anonymously in the New York Sun seventeen years ago. These barber stories were the forerunner of Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Dooley. The talkative German barber and the monkey barber, his valuable assistant, discussed with rare wisdom and still rarer wit the topics of the day, to the infinite amusement of a large part of Gotham's reading public. Ralph received numerous offers to put the sketches into book form, but he steadily refused. At length, however, he yielded to temptation. He accepted an offer to lecture in a little Connecticut town on the Sound.

It was during the winter that the lecture came off. Bad weather kept fully half the town at home. A minstrel show, a tried popular favorite, billed after the lecture was arranged, drew still another part of the people away from the hall, and thus it happened that there were less than twenty persons in the audience.

The lecture was a brilliant success. Never was Ralph funnier than he was to this handful of friends and the three or four inquisitive townsmen. While the lecturer was dressing for the train one of the visitors sought out the foremost man of the audience, a short, red-haired man with freckles.

"How did you like the lecture?" he asked.

"Dat vas all righd," he responded dubiously. "Der vas lots of fun in dat legture. Bud," and here he became excited, "I'll pet any shentlemans in der growd fünf tollar dat he never vas a parber."

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

A Secretary of State Who Writes Hymns

Colonel John Hay publishes no more poetry now that he is Secretary of State, leaving verse-making to his charming daughter, whose sonnets in leading magazines have been so favorably received. Those who know Colonel Hay only as the author of Little Breeches and Jim Bludsoe will probably be surprised to learn that the versatile Secretary of State is a fine hymn-writer. His latest published verses were a hymn written for the International Christian Endeavor Convention when it met in Washington in 1896. For some reason it attracted no attention outside of Washington. It was written for the noble old tune "Federal Street," and here are the lines:

"Lord, from far-severed climes we come
To meet at last in Thee, our Home.
Thou who hast been our guide and guard
Be still our hope, our rich reward.

"Defend us, Lord, from every ill;
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will;
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.

"O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard.
Breathe to our hearts the high command:
'Go onward and possess the land!'

"Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to Heaven and Thee!"

How Tripler Bewitched the Beefsteak

Charles E. Tripler, the famous experimenter in liquid air, recently went to Boston to visit his friend, Elihu Thompson, the electrical expert. He took with him a can of liquefied air. It was a simple looking can, and might have held baked beans or cold coffee so far as its outward appearance went. But it contained a fluid so cold that a cake of ice acts on it like fire on water. It makes it boil. It is so cold that it freezes alcohol stiff, and turns mercury into a substance hard enough to drive nails with. It was a quart of the coldest thing on earth that Mr. Tripler had in this tin can, and he took it with him to luncheon, where he put it on the floor by his chair. They lunched in a hotel café, and ordered a steak. After it had been brought in, and while the waiter's back was turned, Mr. Tripler lifted it from the platter, opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. When he put it back on the platter it was as hard as a rock.

CHARLES E. TRIPLER

"Waiter," called Mr. Tripler. "Come here." The waiter obeyed.

"What's the matter with this steak?" he asked anxiously.

And he lifted it from the plate by two fingers and struck it with his knife. The frozen meat rang like a bell.

"I d—d—on't k—n—now, sir," he faltered, and he started for the head waiter on the run.

Mr. Tripler, by the way, is one of the fiercest looking men in the inventing business. His mustache is of the pirate cut, and his eyebrows bristle and meet in the middle. Therefore the head waiter approached him with almost timidity.

"Do you serve your steaks like this as a rule?" asked Mr. Tripler, as he struck the time of day on it.

"It's that fool chef," explained the head waiter as he started for the kitchen.

A few minutes later the chef appeared with the head waiter. He recognized the steak by sight at once. Then Mr. Tripler took it up and made it ring again.

"Mercy! Gracious!" ejaculated the chef, piously crossing himself. "I didn't do it, sure!"

Then Mr. Tripler smiled, and Mr. Thompson laughed. A new steak was ordered, and the frozen one was carried below to fool the rest of the kitchen.

Webster Davis as Administration Orator

Webster Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, was a comparative stranger to the public when appointed to Federal office by President McKinley, but his speech-making has made him a national figure since that time and won him the sobriquet, "The Orator of the Administration."

Mr. Davis is of Welsh extraction, and his oratory is peculiar to himself. He has great personal magnetism, and at times in his more inspiring periods he drops into a powerful Welsh "sing-song" which never fails to arouse his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He makes many gestures, and sometimes they possess a lack of grace which betrays the fact that he was never trained in a school of oratory; but they are always forceful.

Mr. Davis is a Missourian, and one of the youngest members of the Administration, being but thirty-seven years old. He was elected Mayor of Kansas City, in 1894, by the largest majority ever received by a candidate for the place. In 1896 he sought the Republican nomination for Governor of Missouri, and appeared to have it within his grasp, but defeated himself by a characteristically impulsive action. Mayor Jones, his successor in office and one of his warmest friends and supporters, was a candidate for delegate-at-large from Missouri to the Republican National Convention. He was strongly opposed by Major William Warner, of Kansas City, and his following, and the contest became hot. Davis' friends begged him to keep out of the fight, warning him that he would endanger his chances for the nomination for Governor if he did not do so.

"Jones is my friend," was his invariable reply, "and I would stay with him if I knew it would cost me the Governorship." And it did.

Immediately afterward he tendered his services to the Republican National Campaign Committee, and his eloquence on the stump won for him the warm personal thanks of Chairman Mark Hanna and Major McKinley himself. On the day of his inauguration, President McKinley fixed a time for the politicians from the various States to call on him. As Davis marched past, the President plucked him by the coat sleeve and whispered:

"Step aside and wait until the others are gone. I wish to talk with you."

When the last of the politicians had disappeared, President McKinley sat down and said:

"You did fine work for me during the campaign and I am going to take care of you. I don't know what place I can give you yet, but it will be something that will please you."

A short time later he sent for Davis, and said to him:

"I have picked out what I believe is a suitable place for you. It is the Assistant Secretaryship of the Interior. It is the most desirable position in Washington outside of the Cabinet, and one the duties of which will permit you to be absent occasionally without really losing any time."

The President smiled as he made this last remark, and from this time young Mr. Davis of Missouri was "The Orator of the Administration."

WEBSTER DAVIS

COPYRIGHT BY H. H. STALEY

A Practical War Minister

General Galliffet, who on account of his titles—the Marquis de Galliffet and the Prince de Martigues—is often styled De Galliffet, is now a central figure in French politics. He possesses in a unique degree the qualities which exert a singular fascination upon the mercurial French character. Had he been in Boulanger's place the man on horseback might have worn a crown instead of a fool's cap.

General Galliffet is a man of the people. He comes of the proletariat, and carved out his own military career. He became a soldier in 1848, when he was seventeen years old. In seven years he had worked his way up to be a Lieutenant. He fought like a lion in the Crimean war, and there received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for valor. In 1857 he was made a Brevet Captain, and shortly afterward received the full rank on account of heroic services in Algiers.

In 1862, when Louis Napoleon declared war against Mexico, Galliffet received an offer to go upon the staff, but refused it, and applied for a commission in the invading army. He received this after some delay, went to the front, and took part in the siege of Pueblo. He was seriously wounded, but he recovered, and was sent back to France with the Mexican flags captured by the French Army. Upon his arrival in France he was lionized, and was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor. He regained his health and went back to Mexico, where he remained until the evacuation by the French. He returned with a commission as Major and with the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. He became a full Lieutenant-Colonel at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and was promoted to be a General at Sedan. In 1871 he was the leading figure in the suppression of the Commune, during which, according to his foes, he displayed almost incredible ferocity. He afterward saw fighting in Algiers, and on his return to France was made Inspector-General of the Army. He was retired in 1895, after more than forty-six years of service. His deep love for discipline was shown in the advice he gave to a young soldier who was the son of a comrade-in-arms:

"Your first and last duty," said General Galliffet, "is to obey orders."

"Supposing you have no orders," suggested the young man.

"Wait, then, until you receive them."

Mrs. Wallerstein's Ice-Cream Treat

Among the many prominent New York society women who worked hard last year ministering to our sick and wounded soldiers, none was more active than Mrs. Henry Wallerstein. One day in the hospital she saw a young man, white and weak, upon his cot. She gave him some flowers she had brought, and asked him if there was anything she could get for him.

He answered: "There is only one thing I want, and I don't know if the doctor will let me have it. It's ice cream."

She interviewed the surgeon and obtained permission, and supplied not only this soldier but all his comrades with ice cream every Sunday while they were in the hospital. The other day she got the following letter:

"Dear Madam:

I want to thank you for the ice cream you sent me and the rest of us fellers. It was just what we needed bad, and it done more to get us out of the hands of the old sawbones than all their nasty medicines. I thought that Miss Perkins, who is a cousin on my mother's side, made the best ice cream I ever eat, but she isn't in it with you. What puzzles me is, how you get different colors in without mixing it all up. One plate I had was like some marble cake my aunt once made, and another was just like a sandwich.

"It's just as good melted as it is thick. One day mine melted when I wasn't noticing, and I drank it."

And with the letter came a pressed flower, its dried leaves sadly stained by something that suspiciously resembled ice cream.

MRS. HENRY WALLERSTEIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDÉ DUPONT

Edison's Story of the Phonograph

Ray Stannard Baker tells for the first time the true story of Thomas A. Edison and the invention of the phonograph. Mr. Baker visited Menlo Park recently to secure information for his Boys' Book of Inventions, which the Doubleday and McClure Company are going to bring out this fall. Mr. Edison, who has grown very deaf of late, denies himself to most callers, and Mr. Baker was obliged to secure his interview through the medium of W. S. Mallory, the inventor's right-hand man, who went with him into Mr. Edison's private office. They found him in a characteristic attitude, his fingers thrust through his thick hair and his head leaning on his hand.

"Mr. Edison," shouted Mr. Mallory, "I heard an interesting story of your invention of the phonograph the other Sunday in Brooklyn. It was in church, and the preacher said that when you were a boy you had your ear one day to the ice, and heard in the distance the sound of skates. He said that the idea first came to you that way."

Mr. Edison raised his head.

"Did a preacher say that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Bosh! Now I'll tell you how it happened. My model-makers all worked by piece in those days, and when I wanted a model made I always marked the price on it. In this case it was eight dollars. I had the idea of the phonograph in my mind, and I drew my design and gave it to a workman named Kruesi, who finished it in thirty hours.

"Kruesi fitted the tinfoil on the cylinder and brought the machine to me. I turned the handle and recited:

"'Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.'

"Then I set the recorder back to the starting point and began to turn the cylinder. At the very best I had expected to hear nothing more than a buzzing confusion, but to my astonishment and awe the machine began to repeat in a curious, metallic voice:

"'Mary had a little lamb.'

"Thus the first words ever spoken into the phonograph were these four simple lines of Mother Goose."

The idea of the phonograph had come to Mr. Edison with a flash of inspiration, and the machine proved its marvelous possibilities on the first trial. Few inventions have ever been conceived or carried out so successfully.

"Kruesi's eight-dollar machine," adds Mr. Baker, "which could not now be bought for hundreds of dollars, is preserved in the Patent Museum at South Kensington, England."

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

A Judicial Rough Rider.—Major George M. Dunn, U. S. A., the new Judge Advocate at Santiago, Cuba, enjoys the reputation of being one of the most versatile men in the Army. He is clever as an engineer, tactician, chemist, military lawyer, horseman, marksman, speaker and writer. At one time he was the roughest rider of the Chevy Case Hounds, and performed exploits worthy of General Putnam.

Seth Low's Old Teacher.—Probably no head of a scholastic institution enjoys the friendship of so many citizens as does Dr. David H. Cochran, who has just retired from the Presidency of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute after a continuous service of thirty-five years. When he took charge the school was the largest of its class in what is now the Greater New York, having about 700 students. It is now more than twice as large. During that period he is said never to have lost his temper, raised his voice above the normal tone, or uttered an irate word.

He always refers to his graduates as his "boys." Among them are President Seth Low, of Columbia; Rossiter Raymond, the mining expert; Supreme Court Justice Bartlett; Charles R. Flint, the head of the Rubber Trust; Surrogate Abbott; A. A. Healey, President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University; Rev. William White Wilson, of Chicago; Rev. Williams Howland, of New York; George Studwell, one of the heads of the Leather Trust; ex-Consul W. E. S. Fales, and the Honorable Alexander Cameron, one of the founders of the telephone industry.

Cuba Turns the Tables.—Señor Garcia, the Spanish financier who has just completed the powerful syndicate which is to control the Havana tobacco market, is so proficient in English as to joke occasionally in that language. When in New York the other day some one complimented him upon the brilliancy and originality of his negotiations.

He bowed and said, "It was only returning a compliment. For many years Cuba had great trust in the United States; now, the United States has a great trust in Cuba!"

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" *That are Making HISTORY*

The New War Chief

Eight years ago, with Chauncey Depew, Mr. Elihu Root made an address before the committees of Congress in favor of the bill then pending to have the World's Fair of 1893 take place in New York City. The metropolis won the argument and lost the Fair by the neat tactics of that arch political strategist, Matthew Stanley Quay, but it was the universal opinion that Mr. Root made an able and absolutely convincing argument. Now he is back in Washington as Secretary of War, and he will undoubtedly stay there until March 4, 1901.

To those who are not posted or who have paid little or no attention to the sudden and radical enlargement of the scope of the War Department work resulting from the Spanish War and the consequent accession of territory, it is not entirely clear what all this talk about the necessity of having a good lawyer in General Alger's place means.

It has been understood in a hazy sort of way that legal questions growing out of the relations of the United States to the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico present bothersome problems, but the general idea has seemed to be that the Attorney-General would be all-sufficient to decide matters of law which might be troublesome to the War Department, and that a military man, although a civilian like the outgoing Secretary, would be able, with the assistance of the Adjutant-General and the General of the Army, properly to handle and dispose of all vexatious questions.

The Assistant Secretary of War, moreover, has been especially charged in a general way with "customs and insular affairs." It was an easy matter to make the order turning over these questions to him, but it is quite another matter for

COPYRIGHT BY ANDERSON, 1899

HON. ELIHU ROOT
SECRETARY OF WAR

him to find the time, even if he had the required knowledge, to consider and act upon them. So about the first thing Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn did was to recommend the appointment of a board within the War Department, and under his especial jurisdiction, known as the "Insular Commission."

This is composed of three civilians: Judge Curtis, of Iowa, Colonel Kennedy, of Ohio, and Mr. Watkins, of Michigan. Immediately after being appointed, several months ago, they set out for Cuba and Porto Rico and made a personal investigation of the commercial affairs of those islands. They have since made a voluminous report, or, to be more accurate, a series of voluminous reports. But this Commission somehow did not seem to fit in with the work of the War Department, and the recommendations of its report have never been acted upon.

A few weeks ago one of the three Commissioners refused to sign the report with the other two, and, becoming impatient, the President and the Secretary of War abolished the Commission. The gentlemen objected to this summary cutting off of their official heads, which they had reason to expect they would retain much longer, and made so vigorous a protest that the powers that be, accommodating and open to argument as usual, revoked their action, and the Commissioners are now engaged under the President's orders in drawing up a code of laws for the government of Porto Rico.

The Commissioners, on their return from Cuba, strongly recommended that the War Department grant the numberless applications on file for franchises, concessions, licenses, etc., on the ground that this was due to the holders of American capital anxious to invest it, and to the people of Porto Rico, who are to derive the benefits from its disbursement. Attorney-General Griggs, however, has decided that there is no executive power thus to usurp the authority of Congress, and all applications for franchises in Porto Rico and the Philippines must therefore wait until Congress acts. It has already been decided that like applications in Cuba cannot be granted at present, even without a decision of the Attorney-General, because the Foraker resolution, passed just before Congress adjourned, prevents it. Many schemes have been defeated by this prohibition.

This experience with the Insular Commission serves as an illustration of the situation as a whole and gives some indication of the reason for the President's desire to have a lawyer, and a good one, at the head of the War Department. One result of the war has been to bring before the War Department a class of public business so great in volume as to warrant the establishment of a new executive department—business, however, of a character entirely new to the military establishment; and as no such extra department has been created, or is likely to be, the alternative is to have a man at the head of the War Office who can turn over the management of at least a portion of the strictly military business to the General of the Army and the other soldiers who preside over the various bureaus of the War Department, while he himself brings his vigorous intellect and legal knowledge to bear upon the new problems that confront the Government, and for the consideration and determination of which there is no precedent.

Briefly stated, the situation of this new branch of colonial business is this: the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico belonging to the United States, the Administration is confronted with the problem of organizing there a civil government to continue temporarily until Congress shall provide a more fixed and stable government, or permanently if Congress shall be satisfied with what the Administration has done. In Cuba the United States Government is, of course, in temporary control only, and assuming only to inaugurate a temporary government to last until such time as it may be deemed advisable for the United States to withdraw and turn the island over to the Cubans. It goes without saying that the large majority of statesmen and Administration officials believe that the day will never come when the Cubans will be found able to govern themselves, and that, therefore, annexation to the United States will be the end of it all. This may be a sound opinion, and it may not be, and the indications of the future do not tend to lessen the responsibility of the United States Government.

In the Philippines the difficulty of subduing Aguinaldo and the insurrection and harmonizing the division of sentiment among the Filipinos as to what form of government, if any, they want under the United States, greatly complicates the situation. The efforts of the Peace Commission to persuade the inhabitants of the islands to accept such a form of civil government as the United States is prepared to offer, and the efforts of General Otis, the Military Governor, to put down the insurrection by force of arms, daily bring to Washington for determination questions of the utmost importance which must be handled with extreme delicacy.

The organization movements and maintenance of the Army, and the various other branches of routine Army work will, in a way, take care of themselves, and it is to the conduct of civil insular affairs that the new Secretary of War will be expected to turn his particular attention at the outset. He has had more than one long conversation with the President on the subject, and has at once begun with his characteristic vigor the study of the problem that confronts him. That he will solve it is generally believed.

By the time Congress meets in December Secretary Root will undoubtedly have obtained such a firm grasp upon the mighty and complicated affairs of the Department as to be able to make recommendations for legislative action of the highest value and importance. —DAVID S. BARRY.

The Balance Sheet of the Peace Conference

The Peace Conference at The Hague has finished its work and the results have been summarized. While they seem rather general in their nature, the conviction remains that congratulations are due. In the first place, the fact of the Conference is in itself a wonderful achievement. In the second place, it did something. It declared for an arrest in the increase of armaments; it adopted a convention forbidding the use of balloons to drop explosives from the sky to injure combatants on the earth, the use of asphyxiating shells, and the use of bullets which expand or flatten; it applied the provisions of the Red Cross Society to naval warfare; it declared in favor of arbitration—and this was the greatest result of the Congress; it paved the way for the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration; it made declarations for the consideration of new topics, including the right of capture of private property at sea and the question of bombarding coast towns.

There is a little delay about the signing of these conclusions by some of the Powers, and there is more or less discussion in reaching a general agreement; but the plain fact is, that while disarmament has not been started, and the conclusions are more or less indefinite, the Congress has scored a positive advance upon anything of the kind in the history of the world. Of course there are those who doubt this and who make fun of the whole matter, and one German paper declared that the hardest work of the members was to refrain from laughing in each other's faces at their own insincerity. This, however, does not express the situation, as the delegates really believe they have made a good start in the right direction, and the Americans are especially happy because they did more than any other delegation in the Congress, whose honors they unquestionably captured.

William Waldorf Astor's Surrender of His Birthright

A country which has received so much from people who renounced their nationalities and adopted its citizenship should be the last to complain if one of its voters leaves the protection of its flag and enrolls himself elsewhere. At the same time, the action of William Waldorf Astor, in taking formal steps to become a British subject, has not been received kindly by the newspapers or the people.

One reason is, that the enormous wealth which he controls was made in this country, and his income will be almost entirely from American sources. That, however, does not deter Mr. Astor from his purpose. He has taken the following oath of allegiance: "I, William Waldorf Astor, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors according to the law, so help me God"; and the prediction is made that in ten years or so he may be Lord Astor of Cliveden. As great wealth has been known to secure great titles, Mr. Astor is in this respect well equipped for the nobility.

Mr. Astor is the fourth well-known American to surrender the best thing in the world—American citizenship. Benedict Arnold was the first, Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State in the Confederate Cabinet, was the second, and Oakey Hall, the Mayor of New York in the days of Tweed, was the third. Benjamin, who was one of the most brilliant Jews of the century, won a great reputation at the British bar.

The Freight-Car Famine and Some of the Causes of It

For the first time in many years the great trunk lines are complaining that they cannot get enough railroad cars to accommodate the demands upon them. The movement in every direction is the largest ever known. The prosperity of the farmers has helped this, and the head of one of the great New York lines said that more pianos were shipped over the road from Chicago to the West and Southwest in three months this year than the entire number from 1893 to 1897. Some of the trunk lines say they could use 5000 to 10,000 more cars if they could get them.

There are several explanations. Of course, the unprecedented business has overwhelmed railroads, whose resources are the greatest in the world. At the same time, they have found the car factories loaded up with orders, the car materials contracted for far ahead, and a very large percentage of the product engaged by other countries. For instance, in one large car manufactory thirty-six per cent. of the output goes to France, England and Mexico.

A Triumphal Return Cut Short by Sudden Death

The returns from the Philippines are not all pleasant, for at best the fight there is costing good American lives. One of the saddest cases yet reported was the death of Colonel A. L. Hawkins, of the Tenth Pennsylvania.

Colonel Hawkins was born September 6, 1845. He served with distinction during the Civil War and in the riots of 1877. With his regiment, he was mustered into the service of the United States in May, 1898, and in June his command left for the Philippines. In the Philippines the regiment did some of the bravest and best work of any of the troops.

This summer it started home covered with glory. Two days out Colonel Hawkins died. He was a fine type of the patriotic American. Possessed of wealth, occupying a leading position in society and politics, he left all to lead his men in battle. Two sons of Colonel Hawkins are in the Army. The Tenth was enthusiastically welcomed.

Medieval Methods in San Domingo Statecraft

General Ulises Heureaux, President of San Domingo, who was assassinated on July 26, was in many respects the ablest President that San Domingo ever had, but his idea of a Republic was distinctly irregular. After taking part in several revolutions, he got into power, succeeding to the Presidency in 1882. From that time until his assassination he managed to get himself reelected. This involved an occasional removal of a rival, but in that he was not only prompt, but skillful. It is not very long since a member of his Cabinet and the Governor of one of his States were conveniently executed by his command. That he should have fallen a victim to the kind of government he believed in was one of those cases of poetic justice which exist even in politics.

It is represented that the people of San Domingo are contented and happy, but, considering modern methods, the Government is a poor affair. At present, finances are run by a syndicate controlled by Americans who would be very glad to see the island under the American flag, but there seems to be no movement on the part of our people to annex it. In San Domingo, as in other sections, the negro does not show a strong desire for restraining himself by real government.

A Statue of Franklin For the People of France

Benjamin Franklin said that the nine years he spent in Passy, a little village about two miles from Paris, were among the most delightful of his life. There he charmed the brightest wits and the ablest philosophers of the time. When he left, to spend the rest of his life in Philadelphia, he received from Louis XVI a portrait set in hundreds of diamonds. He came to Philadelphia, where he died five years later, and where his grave, opposite THE SATURDAY EVENING POST office, is visited by hundreds of people every week. When the news of his death reached Paris it was ordered that the National Assembly of France be draped in black, and the mourning was as if some great statesman of that country had died.

All this has not been forgotten, and a few days ago the Mayor of Philadelphia appointed a committee of citizens to take charge of the project for presenting a statue of Franklin to the people of France. Within the present year a new statue of the American philosopher was erected opposite the Philadelphia post-office by the generosity of one of the richest merchants of the city, and the purpose is to present a replica of it to the Republic across the sea. In this connection it is interesting to note that everything in connection with Franklin has an unprecedented interest, and the number of Franklin collectors is increasing rapidly.

The CIRCLE OF A CENTURY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

Copyright, 1899, by Mrs. Burton Harrison

CHAPTER VI

ONE Sunday afternoon late in May, Brooklyn Bridge and its approaches at the westerly end were crowded with a solid mass of people who had been waiting there for hours.

In the streets leading across to the Jersey City ferry some cabs and private carriages containing well-known heads of the community were lined up along the curbstones. But for the most part, men and women of all conditions were mingled afoot in the restless, pushing throng; the great railroad kings and financiers, judges, lawyers, surgeons, clergymen, with their wives and daughters, were hustled by Eastsiders who had brought their families to see the show. As usual, the Eastsiders had the best of it, monopolizing the advance lines of the sidewalks, and stationing their women and children upon boxes, carried for the purpose, exactly where the meek-spirited grandees would have to crane their necks to peep between.

It was long after the time fixed by the newspapers for the probable passing of the two Troops, who had been marching along country roads from camp, and the day was drawing to a close, when a stir and a thrill along the lines of weary watchers announced the end of their ordeal. With the resulting forward movement of the crowd, a lady with a young girl in attendance was pushed irresistibly forward upon another party of three people standing against the railing of the footway, and overlooking the northerly road of the bridge, in an excellent position to view the pageant when it passed by.

There was a protest from the lady, around whom a protecting arm was thrown by the girl, but in vain. Mrs. Warriner and her daughter Bessie were forced into closest quarters with Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Hope and Lucy, between whom and themselves no word had passed since the break, after Jack's last downfall.

To Mrs. Warriner this unlooked-for accident was especially distressing. How could she allow her whilom friends to know she had brought her child there for a last sight of their son Laurie going to the war, because Bessie had pined and moped after him until her mother's heart could no longer bear the strain of it? And this, following the way her unhappy Jack had treated their Lucy, and the pain and misery that had ensued for all concerned. There was not, alas! for the Warriners, the excuse of coming to see off a son and brother.

❧

Jack, far away somewhere in the South, had simply written them that he was going to join the army and try to wipe out his disgrace. It was not for his mother to look her last upon his bonny face, beaming with patriotic zeal, among his comrades as they passed!

The poor lady, wrapping herself in her tatters of pride, saluted her old friends coldly, then looked away on the bridge without speaking. Mr. and Mrs. Hope, in spite of their good reasons for resentment against Jack's family, were struck by the wan and forlorn look upon Letitia Warriner's face. They bowed in return, without giving her evidence of unkind feeling. Indeed, their hearts were too full for anything but thinking of their own boy.

Lucy, at first sight of Bessie, had started, drawing back as if from a touch on an old sore. She had not yet put Jack out of her thoughts; and Bessie's face was his, softened into girlish tints and contours. But in an instant the pang had subsided and the tenderer thought of Laurie had taken its place.

She had at once divined what her father and mother had been slower to penetrate. It was for a glimpse of her banished lover that little Bessie had broken bounds to come here. And before either girl knew how it happened, they had kissed and were standing, palpitating, hand-in-hand, in front of their elders.

This was no time for resentments and old feuds. A common current of feeling swayed the multitude, when over the big bridge, riding in a column of fours, with a rhythmic clatter of hoofs and a jingle of accoutrements, came two Troops of cavalry, covered with the dust of their all-day march from Hempstead, every man of whom had some dear one belonging to him in the crowd.

Off for Cuba! As they thought and hoped! Fine soldierly figures, bronzed by the sun, and toughened by the privations of their hard month at Camp Black, sitting their saddles with the ease of old campaigners, each man carrying in pack and saddle-bag his worldly all, save for the carbine, sword, pistol and canteen that hung about his body.

Their ride through Long Island had been accomplished under just such conditions as the present; everywhere shouts and cheers and cries to individuals, and now the greeting of the foremost Troop was to be intensified in volume and in feeling. For there, among the New York cavalry, were passing their nearest and dearest. Hardly a trooper of the lot but had turned his back upon the comforts, even luxuries, of a home near by, and was interrupting for the cause a career well begun in civil life, if not sacrificing a future of brilliant promise.

❧

Then the cheering swelled into a roar. As familiar faces began to come into sight, the two girls, Lucy and Bessie, leaned forward, utterly oblivious of the rest of the crowd, to search the column with straining eyes. And Laurie, riding beside Rex, Percival and another man, were presently upon them with almost the suddenness of a surprise.

Laurie, by good luck, was nearest them in the column. As he took in the unexpected juxtaposition of his father and mother and Mrs. Warriner, standing behind Bessie, who held Lucy's hand, his face grew radiant. Mrs. Hope, accustomed to read her boy's countenance like an open page, saw at once what he supposed to be the case. And, with a quick impulse, her whole yearning heart in her gaze, she gave him the assurance he craved by throwing her arm around his Bessie's shoulder.

"God bless you, mother!" he said in a low, happy tone, riding so close that he could almost reach Bessie's hand, where he would have left the flower from his hat band. Next, in the momentary pause of the column delayed by some obstruction farther forward, his eyes sought Mrs. Warriner's. She, too, was smiling approval through her tears. In that moment who could refuse a trooper anything? Her heart was melted to her girl, her rancor gone. Laurie, glowing with triumph, rode away, as the column moved again.

❧

Lucy, absorbed in the brief, sudden pantomime that meant so much to her brother's peace of mind, did not at first observe that the trooper next Laurie in the line was gazing at her as if he could not see enough. When they had almost passed, she perceived Rex and waved to him—and wished she had done more.

And that was all of it.

Another Troop, in a like column of fours, followed theirs, and soon the last rider had gone by.

Amid the tramp of hoofs, the rattle of metal, the wild cheering of the crowd, the troopers had disappeared—and in many a woman's heart light was succeeded by eclipse.

That night, when the two Troops were brought to a halt in the Jersey City stockyards, preparatory to taking train for the South next morning, Laurie was put on guard duty, and Rex, who had obtained leave to go home for a few hours to make some last arrangements, had a little talk with his friend.

Laurie, who had neither envelope nor stamp, charged him with conveying in safety to Miss Bessie Warriner some disreputable-looking loose pages of foolscap, procured from a sympathetic cattleman, on which he had scribbled in pencil upon his knee. Rex, promising that this token should be in the young lady's hands before she slept, went, as he was, to deliver it at Mrs. Warriner's apartment. He was conscious that probably a more played-out and unseemly looking object than himself had never touched the bell at a lady's door.

❧

The elevator-man, who had assisted his progress into the upper regions of the house where Mrs. Warriner abode—a colored gentleman of exclusive tastes, and already very tired of the prominence given in polite circles to these shabby bluecoats—had treated him with scant civility. The heir of the Adamson millions, the prospective owner of that famous mansion facing the Park, to which Rex would presently return for a bath and brief sleep, had had to grovel before this haughty darky for permission to be conveyed up to their floor to inquire whether the ladies were, at that late hour, still visible.

A like fate awaited him at the hands of Mrs. Warriner's trim little white-capped maid. She couldn't understand what such a shabby figure of a soldier would be doing there at ten o'clock at night. She decided at once upon a scolding for the man at the lift for allowing him to come up; and while she was reiterating with testy emphasis that she could on no account disturb her young lady to speak with him, relief came in the person of Euphrosyne Warriner, who had come home for a night or two before setting off on her service in a military hospital on the far Southern coast, and now stepped out into the little vestibule. She led Mr. Adamson within, sent a summons to Bessie, then said in a hesitating voice:

"If it's a message from Laurie Hope, I think I should tell you there's some one else here who would wish to hear it. Lucy has been spending the evening with us, and is in Bessie's room talking over their exciting day." The start Rex gave was confirmation strong of Euphrosyne's suspicions since their visit to the camp, and for one moment this young woman, to whom it had been allotted to find her joy only in others' service, felt a throb of envy of Lucy's happy lot.

It had at no time been Rex's fortune or position that had attracted Euphrosyne to him. Long ago she had cared for him for himself, and now the fulfillment of his stalwart manhood had more than justified the promise of his youth. If she had longed to nurse the soldiers, it had been her hope and prayer that, should Rex need her, she might find her way to him. She even felt glad to think that Mr. and Mrs. Hope had denied Lucy the privilege of going with the Red Cross.

Euphrosyne, swallowing her emotions, went out of the room, quickly returning with both Lucy and Bessie, who bestowed on the caller a welcome so warm that his steady brain yielded to the sweet influence, and he lingered talking for an hour. Long after Lucy's maid (who had come for her young lady in a cab) had been announced, he sat there, hardly realizing that Euphrosyne had gone off to talk with her mother, and Bessie to read her letter again and again, and pen an answer to its raptures.

How precious would ever be to Rex the memory of this unlooked-for last talk with the girl he loved! Though she would never know it, should he go down in battle, hers would be the last image on his mind.

If he was tempted to tell her so, now when everybody's heart was on lip, belief in her continuing interest in poor, wandering, outlawed Jack would have restrained him. Seeing her here amid Jack's family seemed to make her more theirs than his. He would not open her wound anew by letting her know of his.

Yet, oh! how he longed to take with him only one of such words as Bessie was now pouring out in unstinted measure to her Laurie! If it might have been!

Crushing down these thoughts, he now told Lucy of something concerning which it had been his intention to write to her from a distance. A little time before, in looking over an old family Bible of his father's line, he had come upon a half-sheet of paper signed by his father's grandmother, Eve Adamson. Upon this was written a request to her survivors to seek out some opportunity of restoring to the descendants of "Captain Laurence Hope, of Warriner Manor," a certain sum of money given to her by Hope's parents and later invested by her husband in certain city lots, which she described.

❧

"The whole thing was so informal and impalpable, so evidently a rough draft only of expression of an idea she meant to elaborate, that I had great trouble in following it up. I got my father's leave to do with it what I like, and for some weeks the investigation has been pushed hard by my lawyers. I should tell you that there is no legal claim upon my father in the matter, and that if it were brought to your father's notice he would probably pooh-pooh me for an impertinent fellow. But I have traced the thing to this conclusion: the city lots in question, over on the East Side, adjoining what was once a farm owned by Luke Watson, our ancestor, are still in our possession.

"They do not amount to a King's ransom in value, but the sale of them would bring in a sum that might help out Master Laurie in his future housekeeping. You see, I am counting on our safe return—and so my father has promised to have them transferred to Laurie's name. I want you to promise me that you won't speak of this to any living soul till time shall straighten out the snarl of the war. I can't tell you what a pleasure it's been for me to do it."

❧

"Oh, it's like a fairy tale!" cried she; "and Laurie knows nothing of it?"

"Nothing!"

"It is much too much for you to do for him."

"Remember, 'betwixt mine and thine,' Miss Hope. That idea of the old tie between our families coming up again, and being strengthened, even in this small way, appeals to me tremendously. Some day, if you'll let me, I'd like to follow up these clues by reading the letters of 'Eve Adamson' that are in your possession?"

"We Hopes can never do enough to show our gratitude to you Adamsons if you carry out this wonderful new plan. You have taken away my breath. That sweet old Madam Eve seems to be our good genius, and I can't tell whether it is she or you I must thank for Laurie's sake."

She held out her hand with a charming gesture of good will.

"Thank her, then, if you must!" he exclaimed, lifting her hand to kiss it. "But don't altogether forget her descendant. I'm staying an unconscionable time, Miss Hope. But when I think that it's my very last chance of a talk with you——"

"Oh! but you had to wait for Bessie's letter," she exclaimed, blushing.

Lucy could hardly believe in the transformation of his face and manner. Something of this he had shown in their first meetings, and the memory thus evoked brought with it the

"'Betwixt mine and thine,'" repeated Rex dreamily. "Oh! how strangely things are coming to us out of the past! I'm afraid to believe what I want to. You mean that you——?"

Editor's Note—Part I, The Circle of a Century, began in the Post of June 10. Part II, July 22. Each part is a complete story.

inevitable one of Jack. The answering glow in her own face and manner was chilled and a sigh escaped her lips.

Rex sprang upon his feet, clinking his spurs, standing erect and self-conscious, his own emotion checked, his hour of dalliance over. A carpet knight was he no longer, but a soldier on the way to the front. Then Mrs. Warriner came in, with Emily, who said small and civil things to him about the coming campaign, the hardships of the camp and march, etc., and at last Bessie appeared, fetching her long letter to Laurie—after which he had no recourse but to take his leave.

Then Bessie led Lucy back into her little sanctum; by a common impulse the two fell into each other's arms and relieved their surcharged feelings by what girls call a "good long cry." Bessie stopped crying first. The idea of Laurie tramping up and down on his beat in the Jersey City stockyards, thinking about her, was a beacon in her darkness.

Mrs. Warriner, of all the friends who had shared in the emotions of the little episode on Brooklyn Bridge, remained longest keeping vigil that Sunday night. The true and brave son she had gained was nothing by comparison with the dear sinner she had lost. Wherever Jack might be, whether couched on the ground under the stars shining upon a Southern camp, or afloat in the bowels of a big battle-ship, there was her faithful heart! The girl he had loved and ill-treated might learn to forget him, and choose another in his place—the sisters who had cherished and shielded him might be weaned in time from his memory—but the mother, never on God's earth!

While Laurie Hope and his other brothers-in-arms were still in a home camp, eating their hearts out with the desire for action, Rex Adamson, appointed to the modest position of Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army, had been transferred to an infantry regiment ordered to Santiago.

It was not his luck to be in the fight at Las Guasimas on the twenty-fourth of June, but he heard from a dozen sources of the distinguished valor shown that day by Rough-Rider Jack Warriner, who had gone through it with the dash and light spirit he would have put into playing football at college or polo at Newport—barely escaping death once or twice, and emerging from many perils to receive promotion from his leader, together with the brief speech of approval that Roosevelt's men craved as English soldiers covet a V. C.

Rex had met Jack once, and exchanged a handshake with him afterward; but the toil of getting files through that underbrush, from Siboney to Santiago, in heat like the blast of a fiery furnace, made men forget everything but what they saw on either side of them, and what they hoped to do ahead.

In the forenoon of July 1, two badly wounded men were panting, gasping, one stretched half across the body of the other, on the slope of San Juan Hill that had just been captured by the American line. It was an officer of infantry who lay underneath; the one pinning him down wore the garb of the Rough Riders.

Corporal Jack Warriner had seen his friend, Lieutenant Adamson, fall, and found him shot through the shoulder, bleeding and helpless; while bending over trying to give him the little water he had, Jack was himself hit by a bullet across the back that struck the spine. The high, harsh grass wherein they lay closed around them, and no relief had yet come their way. To torturing thirst under the glare of a merciless sun was added the ever-increasing distress of their enforced posture. They had spoken to each other and were wondering when the thing would end. When Jack found that Rex's voice was giving out, and his breath failing from the weight, he envied him his prospect of dying first—but he determined, nevertheless, to make one final effort to relieve the situation.

"If I could move—I think—you'd have a better show," he said; "and I'm—going—to—try!"

"No, no! For God's sake, don't! It's only—holding out—a little bit longer—for the two of us. It must end soon."

"If there's a chance for either, you ought to get it; so I'm going to try," repeated Jack, gathering his resolution.

"Jack!—dear old Jack—don't—I——"

"If you see her——" began Jack, but stopped. He knew that he must save all his strength for the physical struggle of moving his shattered and numbed body. Even the resolve to do this had brought out a thick sweat upon his forehead. Then he tried, with the one arm of which he had some control, to lift himself, and, with a groan of anguish—failed. But he succeeded in giving a trifle of relief to Rex.

"No more, Jack. That's all right. I tell you it's all right," Rex said.

"Yes—it is all right now," he heard Jack whisper, and then there was another wrench, and by a supreme effort the thing desired was accomplished. The body of the Rough Rider rolled off his friend, and Jack lay dead beside him.

By the time Rex fell into the hands of the surgeons he was too far gone to know anything of what was passing.

But in the second stage of a long ensuing illness, in a rude little military hospital in the hills near Santiago, he found his father at his side. He was fairly convalescent before they ventured to tell him that Jack was at rest under a soldiers' monument—a couple of sticks nailed in the form of a cross—pending an opportunity to send his body home; and that poor Euphrosyne, after a career of self-devotion to the fever patients in the hospital where she had been detailed as nurse, had herself succumbed to the yellow scourge, more fatal than Mauser bullets, and was also buried in Cuban soil.

One beautiful soft day of autumn, when the Highlands of the Hudson were garlanded in many-colored leaves, a handful of friends gathered around the newly opened vault in the Manor graveyard where Jack's forbears had for several generations been entombed, to commit to their final resting-place the last of the male Warriners and his heroic sister.

The two coffins were covered with one flag, and upon Jack's were placed his old trooper's hat and gauntlets, while Euphrosyne slept under a mass of white roses. The short military service was soon concluded. The echo of the volley fired after the coffins were carried in had been taken up and repeated gloriously by cliff and scar of the mountains roundabout; and then a bugler sounded "taps."

Rex Adamson, gaunt as to person, hardly filling his uniform, his face white and lined with grief, gave his arm to Mrs. Warriner; the sisters, Job Adamson, Mrs. Arrowtip and the Lucien Hopes gathered in the background. Her parents had asked Lucy not to be present, and Laurie was away in a distant camp, having not yet resigned from the Volunteer Army in which he had received a commission as Captain in a Staff Department, before the occupation of Porto Rico.

For many days after this pathetic reunion of Hopes and Warriners and Adamsons at the Manor vault none of them visited the spot. Then it began to be noised about that the old place had been purchased from the Warriners, and people went so far as to surmise that the new proprietor could be no other than John Jeremiah Doyle, a millionaire stocking manufacturer, who was ambitious of entrenching himself among the old families of New York, and who had recently become engaged to Miss Emily Warriner.

Authorities were even found competent to describe the sumptuous mansion of white marble that would soon be built to replace the old Manor house. Then public interest was claimed by the announcement of Miss Bessie Warriner's engagement to Captain Laurence Hope, now returned to civil life, and—somewhat reluctantly—resuming his former practice of the law.

The official declaration of Mr. Doyle's agents that he had *not* purchased the Warriner estate, but would build at Newport, put an end to speculation on this point, and people declared that it was all a mistake, and the Manor had not been sold at all.

Laurence Hope's future bride could have told a different story. The Manor had been sold, but the purchaser was old Job Adamson, and he *had* bought it as a wedding present for Jack Warriner's youngest sister. When Mrs. Warriner found out who had become the owner of her husband's ancestral acres, and for what purpose, she went to call upon Mr. Adamson in his home, and protested against his generosity.

"I believe you remember, ma'am," he said in answer, "that your son gave his life in the effort to save his friend, who is my son. If it wa'n't for that, I'd consider that every man who charged up that slope at San Juan had earned the best we stay-at-homes could give him. I mean to put the place in proper repair before the young folks get into it, and it'll be likely some time before they'll cal'late to live there, summers. But it's right it should be owned by a Hope, if not a Warriner——"

"That last can never be!" cried the forlorn mother, bursting into tears. "There'll be no more Warriners!"

"You were the mother of a hero, ma'am; let that comfort you," said old Job solemnly. "And you may just make yourself easy about any little thing I do for you and the Hopes. My boy, who, since he's been getting back his strength, stays around the house a good bit, has traced out our family story. And he says it's heredity that's driven us—we can't get out of it—we're just *bound* to be friends. But there's one way you could favor *me*, ma'am, if you've a mind to.

"I don't know what ails Rex, but he mopes consid'able. If Mis' Adamson were living, she'd likely know what to do with him. My notion is, he's wantin' to get to stay by that little Lucy Hope, and I don't blame him. I don't blame him worth a cent—there ain't a girl I ever saw I'd rather have for him. But he thinks he hasn't got a show, maybe. 'Twould be a mighty obligation to me if you could find out what the facts in the case are, Mis' Warriner—and let me know—seeing Mis' Adamson's not——"

The old man gulped, stopped speaking, and got up to pace back and forth in the great library that, like the rest of his house, was lonely and chill in its magnificence.

A light broke upon Letitia Warriner's comprehension. She recalled what Bessie had told her about Rex thinking Lucy was set apart and devoted to Jack's memory, and, jealous mother though she was, she could not suffer that.

"Oh! Mr. Adamson, I think I can help. Will you let me speak to your son—will he think it a great impertinence if I——?"

"I think not, ma'am," interrupted old Job eagerly. "I don't know for certain, but I believe you'd be welcome as flowers in May."

Mrs. Warriner had her talk with Rex, and that selfsame afternoon, when Lucy was sitting by a little fire in the middle drawing-room of her home, Rex Adamson was announced. She trembled a good deal, for during the morning Mrs. Arrowtip had been with *her*.

The eloquence of that animated lady had almost persuaded Lucy that she was pushing her reticence with Rex "absurdly far." Mrs. Arrowtip had previously told Rex the same thing with regard to his attitude of keeping away from Lucy. But then, Mrs. Arrowtip was not Jack Warriner's mother and could not speak at first-hand upon the point of how much or how little Lucy owed to Jack's memory. Nor could she convince Rex, as Mrs. Warriner did, that Lucy's girlish fancy for Jack had never had proper food to feed on and so had withered in the bud.

"Must I answer?" asked Lucy, at the end of a long argument between the two.

"I really think so," said Rex, looking alternately at her and at the Lady of the Duel on the wall, wondering, as he did so, if ever man had such an enchanting pair to stir his blood and set his pulses racing and keep him in cruel uncertainty the while.

"Well, then, if it's only to fulfill the behest of ancestry—don't you remember what we agreed on at Camp Black?"

"'Betwixt mine and thine,'" repeated Rex dreamily. "Oh! how strangely things are coming to us out of the past! I'm afraid to believe what I want to. You mean that you——?"

Then the joy and glory of the present broke over him, and he cared not for past or future, or anything, but that he had found the clue to life which had so long eluded him.

(THE END)

JACK FAR AWAY SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

August 26, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription
5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

Funston on the Philippines

GENERAL FUNSTON, as quoted by Consul Wildman, of Hongkong, talks very sensibly about the Philippines. A little less gunpowder and more diplomacy, he says.

Perhaps he would not have said so four months ago, but he believes that now the backbone of the insurrection is broken, and that the insurgents have been so soundly whipped that with any other people the insurrection would be over. Let us look upon them as children, says Funston, and treat them accordingly, granting them some concessions that they attach great importance to, giving them some assurance of our good will, and winning their confidence. "It can be done, and in such a way that never again will there be rebellion in those islands."

If the war is not ended speedily by such means, General Funston believes in sending out 100,000 soldiers to end it speedily by force. For he wants peace in the islands. "I am almost a peace-at-any-price man," he says. He is earnestly desirous to save life and property, and describes himself as an anti-expansionist, though not a bitter one, and a disbeliever in the possibility of profit to any Americans except great capitalists from holding the Philippines.

The majority of us who have stayed at home feel very much about the Philippines as General Funston does, who has done his full share of fighting there. We, too, are *almost* peace-at-any-price men. We are not willing to neglect a duty nor to quit a job that we have fairly got on our hands because it is difficult and promises to be unprofitable. But what we want most from the Philippines is peace, and we want that not less because the war is so damaging to the Filipinos than because it is so exceedingly distasteful to us. What we are not willing to do is to bundle our troops aboard ship and fetch them home, leaving a mess to be cleaned up by some more resolute Power. We don't want that; neither do we want peace on terms that are inconsistent with the future welfare of the islands. Of course we would rather accomplish our very moderate ends by diplomacy than by fighting, and General Funston's opinion that diplomacy ought now to accomplish something is encouraging as coming from him, a man who is on the ground and ought to know as much as another about the character and condition of the people he has been fighting.

It has been suspected all along that diplomacy has not done all that it might have done in Luzon, and that timely skill, discretion and experience at the start might have saved us much trouble. As to that we never can be sure, but certainly now we don't want to fire an unnecessary gun nor kill a single Filipino who can be won to orderly living by peaceful means.

There is strong and fairly abundant evidence that our soldiers and officers who have been fighting in Luzon have personally disliked the work and doubted if the islands were worth holding, and though they have fought with great ardor they have deplored the need of fighting and sympathized not a little with the aspirations of the brown men who have faced them with such persistent courage. It is pretty safe, therefore, to infer that in what General Funston has said he represents opinions that are very prevalent among his fellows in the Army. —E. S. MARTIN.

Uncle Sam should not be content merely to ship minerals and machines to the nations of the earth; he should keep on improving until he is able to send them better literature and higher art.

The Beauty of Toleration

INTOLERANCE is part of the unnecessary friction of life. It is prejudice—on the warpath. Intolerance acknowledges only one side of any question—its own. It is the assumption of a monopoly in thinking. It is ignorance collaborating with stubborn egotism.

Tolerance is a calm, generous respect for the opinions of others—even of one's enemies. It recognizes the right of every man to think his own thoughts, to live his own life, to be himself in all things so long as he does not run counter to the rights of others. Tolerance is silent justice blended with sympathy. Tolerance always implies wisdom and kindness. It seeks to convert others from error by gently raising them to higher ideals, by leading them to broader lines of thinking, by patiently helping them to help themselves. Tolerance does not use the battering-ram of argument, or the club of sarcasm, or the rapier of ridicule.

Toleration ever leads us to make allowance for the differences in the natures of those around us; differences in training, in opportunities, in ideals, in motives, in tastes, in opinions, in temperaments and in feelings. We can be loyal to our own belief, faithful to our own cause without condemning those who give their fidelity in accordance with their own conscience or desires. On every religious, social or political question are men on both sides equally honest, equally just, equally unselfish, acting in equally faithful accord with what they think best. They are merely looking at the subject from different points of view. There are thousands of good men on the "other side" of the tariff question; there is honest diversity of opinion as to national expansion; there is conflict of authorities on every question to be settled by human judgment.

The world needs more tolerance. We need a firmer bond of unity and sympathy in essentials, a greater liberality and latitude in non-essentials. Hundreds of small towns throughout the country are over-supplied with churches. In a single village there is often a dozen churches of different denominations.

Each is half starved, dragging out an existence with a small congregation and little church fervor. There is but a slight difference in creed separating them. They are all seeking to apply the fundamental truths of Christianity to problems of daily life. By mutual concession, by sacrifice of unimportant details of church faith and government, they could combine into less than half the number of organizations. They would unite on the broad basis of Christian tolerance. They would be stronger, more effective—spiritually, morally and financially.

Intolerance in the family circle shows itself in over-discipline—in a severe atmosphere, heavy with prohibitions. Parents often forget their own youth; they do not sympathize with their children in their need of pleasure, dress, companionship. The home becomes a place strewn with "Please Keep Off the Grass" signs. There should be a few absolute, firm rules on essentials, with the largest possible concessions to the varying manifestations of individuality in unimportant phases. Confidence, sympathy and love would generate a spirit of tolerance and sweetness that would work marvels. Tolerance is divine charity in matters of faith, creed and opinion. It is but the justice and homage due to individuality. Every day of life brings its new opportunities to cultivate this virtue, its new revelations of the beauty of toleration. —WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

It is the small vices that pay Satan's big dividends.

Heroes as Husbands

IN KANSAS, where the schoolhouses are bigger than the barns, and where the flag floats on every breeze and refuses to wilt in a calm, some of the girls' clubs have solemnly resolved that their members shall marry only soldiers. In their patriotism nothing less than a hero will do. It will be Hymen in regimentals, Cupid with a Krag-Jörgenson, rat-a-tat-tats for wedding bells, laurels for orange blossoms, and the Star-Spangled Banner for Mendelssohn's time-worn march.

In no State could the girls afford it better than in Kansas—Kansas, the home of Funston and his fellow-swimmers, who lead the Army on land and outdo the Navy on the water, for Kansas will soon be full of heroes. But will there be enough to go around? One hero in a community is a majority, it is true, but all the girls cannot marry him, and when one captures his name all the others are apt to find out that he is not one-half as noble and as handsome as he was in his single days. Then, too, this sort of thing is calculated to make a hero vain, and it is a blow to the national pride to have a hero anything but humble. Of course, matrimony may eventually produce the humility, but matrimonial processes are gradual and undramatic, while heroism needs sensations and the limelight.

There have been cases where heroes have not made good husbands, and literature has a way of showing that heroism and genius are pretty uncomfortable things to be tied to; but, of course, all our heroes are good heroes, and it would be an undue reflection upon them to say that they would not get along with commendable docility in harness. Naturally, exceptions may occur, and the past might rise on occasion. For instance, it would be easy to fancy the young man whose exploits in osculation were heard around the world, sitting pensively at the fireside about four weeks after his wedding day and listening with no great delight to something like this: "I am very happy, but I wish, oh, how I wish you had not kissed those other girls! Why, oh, why did you do it?" —HAMILTON PAXTON.

After wealth buys its way into society it has to be constantly showing its admission ticket.

The Dangers of "Discretion"

THE makers of the Constitution of the United States distributed the responsibility of Government to the law-making, the law-interpreting and the law-enforcing officials. They thought the germ of tyranny or of corruption liable to be generated if any two or all three of these functions should be centred in one man or body of men.

This certainly, then, is orthodox Americanism, and if so, the usurpation by one set of public servants of the powers of another is heresy. A common and a most harmful heresy of this kind is to be found in most cities: it is the assumption of judicial functions by the executive. The police are executive officers whose sole duty it is to enforce the laws as they find them. As a matter of fact, however, they exercise a great amount of "discretion"—that is, they enforce some laws strictly and others loosely, according to what may happen to be the particular "policy" of the Mayor and City Council. To this is due very much of the disgraceful condition of things in American cities.

The whole country was shocked at the appalling disclosures of the Lexow Committee in New York. It was established by indubitable testimony that organized connivance between officers and law-breakers had existed in that city ever since the Civil War. All kinds of criminals plied their trades under the fostering care of the police in the greatest city of the New World.

What is true in New York is true to a degree in other great cities. The most of this monstrous mass of municipal fetidity is directly traceable to the heresy that an executive officer is to "use his discretion" in dealing with offenders. If strict enforcement works hardship sometimes, that is not the officer's concern, but is a matter to be dealt with by the legislative body and the courts.

There are few reforms that could not be secured by simply putting into execution the laws upon our statute books. What society needs, what the unfortunate submerged class needs, is not sympathy so much as honesty and justice on the part of Government. Plain, downright integrity and stubborn soldierliness by the Mayor and police in doing their duty would relieve all elected officials from the charge of exploiting the criminal classes in order to secure their votes, courts from the odium of protecting those who have influence, and Aldermen from the reputation of interfering with justice in order to shield their political henchmen.

This abominable doctrine of "discretion" is the corrupter of police, the shame of courts, the parent of organized vice, the shield of thieves and of the whole band of society's desperadoes, and the lever by which political machines practice the spoils system in defiance of public opinion and operate Government for profit. The only motto for the upright Mayor and Chief of Police is: "I will enforce all laws, good and bad. The good I will make hot for the law-breakers: the bad I will make hot for the law-makers." —FRANK CRANE.

To the right sort of man there is more fun in chasing the dollar than in catching it.

Brag, Bluster and Bluff

IT WAS the English comment, when Sir Charles Tupper and Premier Laurier spoke of war as a possibility of the Alaskan difficulty, that the American climate seemed to engender strong language. No better way of smoothing down words that might have been made ugly could have been found. Of course, there was a significant sting to the pleasantry, for the message of a former President of the United States in the Venezuela matter—a successful American bluff—was quickly cited as an illustration of the American manner.

In the age of brag long ago, leaders and followers used boastful language about themselves and their belongings. It was when the world was young and when the people were children in government and conduct—when a potentate employed the large adjectives in magnifying himself, and when his subjects grabbed for all the remnants of glorification that he had not appropriated. Then, as the children grew older, they began to bluster, to use turbulent words. "The bully's bluster proves a coward's fear," wrote one, and Burke, in American Taxation, used the phrase, "Your ministerial directors bluster like tragic tyrants."

After this the Americans came upon the scene, and the history of the bluff began. To the bluster of King George's ministerial directors the Colonists returned a New World bluff. The Declaration of Independence was one of the most stupendous bluffs on record. The War of the Revolution was a magnificent bluff which won gloriously. Thirty years later the American bluff, with no Navy behind it, won against British bluster, backed by the sovereignty of the seas.

According to the dictionary, bluff "is the act of deceiving or influencing, as in the game of poker, by a show of confident assurance, and boastful betting, or language; hence language or demeanor intended to blind, frighten or daunt an opponent in anything." But this is a slightly worse reputation than bluff deserves. The word is getting a better character as it helps the world along. It has graduated from the gambling-table to the Cabinet-room, from sport to diplomacy. It is a daily, hourly policy in trade, society and government. It speaks strongly often, but it always has resources in reserve. It may frighten, but it is after a climax.

Its success has made some of the star chapters of history. Great Britain is learning how to use it, but the blunders in South Africa seem to show that she has not fully mastered the real thing. Of all nations on the other side Russia seems to understand the game most thoroughly—the taking of Port Arthur, for instance, or the disarmament rescript. But the others are learning, and the American bluff is marching on. It is not all that it should be, but it is a great deal better than either bluster or brag. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Aiming high does not mean firing in the air. Try to hit something.

What Constitutes a "Self-Made" Man

"HE," SAID the newspapers, referring to a capitalist who had done something to render himself especially conspicuous, "is a self-made man." He was a man who had "gone West" in the early days, prompted by a love of adventure. He had dreams of wealth, but no plans to obtain it. He was confident that the argosy was there chiefly because Horace Greeley had said that it was. The man pre-empted a farm in a territory which is now a mid-Western State, and suffered the privations and hardships of a pioneer. The Pike's Peak gold discoveries came, and he was caught and carried by the great human wave which dashed itself against the Rocky Mountains. There he discovered gold—a mine of it. He was shrewd enough by nature to retain it, and it gave him a fortune. He invested in banks and railroads. Immigrants swarmed to the great new land and made his investments splendidly profitable. He has to-day, perhaps, nearly as many millions as popular belief accredits to him.

If the glamour of gold could be dissipated from this man's presence it would be revealed that never for a single instant in his life had he emerged from the ranks of those who are controlled by the simple, elemental impulses with which they were born. There was no distinction in his love of adventure; that characteristic is almost as common as curiosity. His hardships were a natural incident to that adventure, shared by thousands upon thousands who did not succeed, and borne, not from any motive of self-development, but because they could not be escaped. His discovery of gold was not the result of training, and his career thereafter was fashioned by the conditions into which he had been led by his original impulses. He is what he was in the beginning, modified by circumstances which he did not create.

Whether or not there can be a really self-made man is still a question with the schools, but it seems probable that his closest approximation may be found outside of the ranks of the millionaires. The impatient man who schools himself to patience; the timorous one who sets himself the lesson of fortitude and learns it; the one who curbs a turbulent spirit to pursue day by day the path of rectitude, is a type of the approximately self-made man no less than he who, discovering certain talents in himself, cultivates them to what the world denominates success. —FRED NYE.

The most picturesque figure in the Cabinet to-day is James Wilson, of Iowa—a typical American, though, paradoxically enough, he was born in Scotland. Of all the Secretaries who hold portfolios under President McKinley, he is the most approachable. No dragon guards his outer door, but any visitor is welcome to "walk right in" and chat with him. He likes the newspaper correspondents, and is fond of telling them that he has been for many years a working newspaper man himself. Indeed, this is true enough, inasmuch as he was quite famous in the West as a writer on agricultural subjects long before he entered the Cabinet.

"Sit down, son!" the Secretary will say to the newspaper man who may chance to look in on him in the hope of getting a bit of news. Then he will wheel around in his leather-covered armchair and, twirling his eyeglasses by the string, will talk off in ten minutes the material for a column of matter perhaps, full of striking suggestions, and put in a quaint and vivid way that keeps the correspondent's pencil flying, lest he miss something

Mr. Wilson likes to have it understood that he owes all that he is to the soil—that he himself is a product of intelligent farming. One of his stories describes how, when he came to this country, in 1852, from Ayrshire, Scotland, the eldest of a family of fourteen children, his father set him to work to help improve a few acres of rather barren land in Connecticut. The elder Wilson thought he knew what the land wanted to make it fruitful, and as no bone mills existed in those days, he went around in a wagon and gathered up all the butchers' bones and such other animal remains that could be secured. Then he obliged young Jim and his brothers to go to work on them with hammers and beat them to powder, which was employed as a fertilizer with most favorable results. The Secretary says that this bone-breaking was the hardest toil he ever did in his life.

Three years later, when he was twenty, he went to Iowa, locating in Tama County, and started at farming for himself Out there he has long been known as "Tama Jim," to distinguish him from another James Wilson

While in Congress, where Mr. Wilson served three terms, he joined William H. Hatch of Missouri, at that time Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, in an effort to secure legislation for the suppression of that dangerous and very contagious disease among cattle, pleuro-pneumonia. Much opposition was offered by the States' Rights people, who did not approve of interference by the Federal authorities; but "Tama Jim" declared that the mischief was spreading, that its existence was concealed in many of the States, and that infected animals were even to be found in the District of Columbia. To demonstrate his proposition, he secured the killing of a diseased cow on a farm in the District, and actually brought a slice of one of its lungs to the House in a basket and passed it around for inspection

Thanks to his determined efforts, the much-needed law was at length passed, and, as a result, pleuro-pneumonia has been practically stamped out in the United States. It was this legislation that made the Bureau of Animal Industry what it is to-day, giving to it administrative power, and enabling it to control the transportation and quarantining of stock.

Mr Wilson owns several farms in Iowa, two of which are managed by his sons. He is a widower, and his household in Washington is conducted by his only daughter. As might be supposed, he is very prominent in agricultural affairs in his own State, and he sometimes says that the four years he is spending in Washington are only a vacation allowed him by the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, in which he is Professor of Agriculture, holding at the same time the position of Director of the agricultural experiment station connected with that institution. When he ceases to be a member of the Cabinet he will go back to those duties.

Alfred Sze, who has been recently appointed to a position on the staff of Yang Yu, formerly Minister at Washington, and now representing his Government at St. Petersburg, is a graduate of the Washington High School and a junior at Cornell, where he stands high in his classes and in the regard of his Professors.

This young Chinaman has seen more of the social side of official life in Washington than any person of similar position, for, although he was only a student attaché of the Chinese Legation, as interpreter to the Minister and his wife he received invitations to all the functions to which they were bidden. When Mr. Sze held this delicate and important post he was only eighteen years old, but he conducted himself in the most exemplary manner, and by his tact and pleasant address won, while at the Capital, warm friends whose kindly wishes follow him to St. Petersburg. His younger brother, a student in the third year of the High School, is one of the most popular members of the Cadet Corps to which he belongs.

Old Black Jerry, the general factotum of the White House, who has served there for more than three decades, and likes to have it remembered that he is "Gineral Grant's boy, sah," is a spiritualist, and not long ago announced that he had had an interview with the famous soldier, who spoke so little that he was sometimes known as the silent man

"Well, Jerry, what did the General say?" that worthy was asked.

"De Gineral jes de same now he allus was," answered Jerry readily; "he look mighty hard, mighty hard at old Jerry, but he ain't said nuffin'."

Since the foundation of the Government social precedence has been a subject that has caused much annoyance in both official and social circles, and especially to the Department of State, which has been the final court of appeal in the matter. Terrible mistakes have been made in seating and receiving official guests, which have caused eternal enmities between women and inspired men to contemplate duels as the only satisfactory way by which they could wipe out the deadly insults to themselves or their wives

Not long ago a wealthy citizen, widely known as a tuft hunter, in arranging his guests at dinner placed an under-Secretary, who happened to be a Duke, before his Minister, who was a commoner. An international difficulty threatened to result, and only the most abject apologies of the host and the supplications of the ducal Secretary prevented the irate Minister from demanding his passports.

It was not until the bill establishing the succession to the Presidency became a law that this teasing question was finally settled. The order of precedence as based on this bill is as follows

1. The President of the United States
2. The Vice President of the United States.
3. The Ambassadors of foreign Governments in the order of their formal recognition by the Government of the United States.

NOTE—At functions given by officials of foreign Governments at the Capital, the Secretary of State takes precedence of Ambassadors, including the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps.

4. The Secretary of State.
5. Envoys Extraordinary, Ministers Plenipotentiary and Chargés d'Affairs
6. The Secretary of the Treasury
7. The Secretary of War
8. The Attorney General.
9. The Postmaster-General.
10. The Secretary of the Navy.
11. The Secretary of the Interior
12. The Secretary of Agriculture
13. The Chief Justice of the United States
14. The Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States in the order of their appointment.
15. Governors in order of admission of States into the Union
16. The Senators of the United States in the order of their election.
17. The Speaker of the House of Representatives
18. The Major-General Commanding the Army.
19. The Admiral of the Navy.
20. The Representatives in Congress.
21. Assistant Secretaries of Executive Departments in the same order as heads of Departments

The order of precedence for the women of the official circle is the same as that accorded to their husbands. In case of a bachelor or widower, the lady presiding over his household is, by courtesy, given the same precedence his wife would enjoy.

The medal which Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, announced, in 1893, would be established, under the name of the Hodgkins Medal of the Smithsonian Institution, "to be awarded annually and biennially for important contributions to our knowledge of the nature and properties of air, or for the practical application of our existing knowledge of them to the welfare of mankind," has not been bestowed until recently, when it was presented to Professor Dewar as being the first to liquefy air.

The medal, provided for by Mr. Hodgkins' munificent bequest to the Smithsonian Institution, the largest, handsomest and most valuable offered by any similar institution, was designed by J. C. Champlain, a member of the French Academy, and made, under his supervision, at the mint in Paris.

A graceful female figure, personifying knowledge, and the motto of the Smithsonian Institution, "*Per orbem*," occupy one face of the medal, while on the reverse side is an adaptation of the seal of the Institution, designed by Saint Gaudens, in the centre of which are the words, "Hodgkins Medal The medal was transmitted through the Secretary of State to the American Ambassador at London, who presented it to the distinguished scientist to whom it was awarded

Curiously enough, the Minister from Brazil bears the name of the country he represents. Not long ago a gentleman from out of town, a little hard of hearing, on being introduced to that diplomat felt convinced he must have been mistaken in the name, and so asked the Minister to set him right.

"My name is Brazil," politely responded the Señor.

"I did not ask the name of your country, but your name, said the stranger. "What is your name, please?

"Brazil," again answered the diplomat, thinking his interlocutor quite the deafest man he had ever met.

"Your name, your family name, your father's name, not the name of your country," insisted the visitor, but Brazil was the only answer elicited. Finally, convinced that, owing to his imperfect knowledge of English—which is perfect, by the way—the Minister had not understood his inquiry, he sought out his host and begged to know the name of the envoy from Brazil.

"Brazil," quickly replied his host.

"You are all crazy," announced the gentleman angrily, under the impression he was being made sport of, but when the matter was fully explained to him, he enjoyed a hearty laugh at his own expense

AT MIDNIGHT

By Madison Cawein

AT MIDNIGHT in the trysting-wood
I wandered by the waterside,
When, like a mist, before me stood
My sweetheart who had died.

But so unchanged was she, meseemed
That I had only dreamed her dead,
Sweet in her eyes the love-light gleamed,
Her lips were warm and red

What though the stars glanced shadowy through
Her form, as by my side she went,
And 'neath her feet no drop of dew
Was stirred, no blade was bent!

What though through her white loveliness
The wildflower dimmed, the moonlight shone!
Unto my touch she was no less
Real than when earth did own.

She took my hand; my heart beat wild;
She kissed me on the mouth and head,
Then gazing in my eyes she smiled:
"When didst thou die?" she said

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

With much interest have I read the papers on live issues on the editor's page. But Vance Thompson, on The Lost Art of Conversation, causes my enthusiasm to bubble over so that I shall respond. What he says is only too true in the greater portion of these United States. But in this Southland of ours, that has become proverbial throughout the rest of the Union for its slowness and lack of commercial enterprise, conversation is far from being a lost art.

It is true the argumentative conversations of the last generation or so have passed out of date, but on the street corners, at all public gatherings, and everywhere, men talk politics and discuss the topics of the hour, while each community has its champion anecdote man. Especially is such the case in Kentucky, where there are no cities, comparatively speaking, but towns, villages and country stores

Of course the facilities for traveling are not so conducive to conversation and entertainment as they were in Dickens' day but it is still the custom in this Southland for travelers to converse, exchange courtesies, share luncheons, etc. And in this cosmopolitan day two strangers, who seem to have come from different corners of the earth, engage in conversation and often find that they have mutual friends

During the Free Silver campaign never before was reading so universal; but men read newspapers, speeches, works on political topics for information, neither was the mere reading the ultimatum. This information was used in conversation—a means to gain other information and opinions from neighbors

Wickliffe, Kentucky. Miss N A

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I read Mr. Thompson's paper with much interest, and believe that it deals with one of the most important questions of our time. There is no doubt that a large proportion of the young men who receive an advanced education are not content to go into the so-called menial occupations. This discontent is not entirely caused by the education itself, but also by contact with a higher social plane incident to getting the education

I do not believe that the right kind of education ever causes contempt for the meaner duties of life. If every boy were educated so that he could understand the technicalities and the theories involved in his occupation his work would see nobler to him. His ambition would be to rise in that branch of industry for which he is fitted by education.

Somerville, Massachusetts. GEORGE XANDLY.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

Every upward step taken by mankind can be traced to a discontent with previous conditions. Discontent is the hand-maid of progress; the one is always followed by the other. Were a people to become content with their condition, then all their progress would end. But they are never contented, and in consequence they are moved to better their condition. It is by the success of these efforts, engendered by discontent, that the progress of a people is estimated

Education makes the individual discontented because it reveals to him a life with a wider horizon and full of greater possibilities. Such a discontent is healthy and must contribute to the advancement of the race. If education no discontent a young man with the condition of his country that he is to relieve it of foreign oppression or to free its slaves from captivity—if without education we had had no Washington nor Lincoln—can we withhold education from the youth because of the discontent which it would arouse in his breast?

Discontent caused by failure to attain an ambition should [illegible] healthy. Astral ambitions are the natural product [illegible] youthful enthusiasm Even the toddling babe chatters of its generalship or presidency With extended experience comes a tempered judgment. When the youth "aims for a star and hits a livery stable or a blacksmith shop" he has landed in a hole which fits him very well It would be a mistake to suppose that he is as keenly disappointed as though he had attained his object and had been returned from there

Everett, Massachusetts [illegible]

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The article, Education and Discontent, by Maurice Thompson, which has appeared in your valued paper, has been read by me with deep appreciation, and I ask for the privilege of an additional word. And this to point out a concrete instance of a great school which is doing a great work in fostering the right conceptions set forth by your contributor. I refer to Cornell University, and the work which I have especially in mind is the Nature Study movement. It is their confessed purpose to help the children of the farmer to value rightly their life and opportunities in many beautiful and practical ways.

This work, which here can be hinted at only, may be followed in the later years of youth by valuable courses at the University in agriculture and allied fields. Here, I take it, the young farmer may happily receive education in the sense which Mr Thompson uses that word. FRANCIS E LLOYD.

Newfane, Vermont

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Apropos of Mr. Jordan's editorial on Hurry the Scourge of America, let me ask, Why does a small State always look with cringing entreaty into the eyes of its powerful neighbor? Because she knows that nation's wealth and military resources can sweep her and her rights off the map She understands that no one will help her unless her destruction will injure commerce or disturb the balance of power

The wife looks timidly in her husband's face, but if she sees no sympathy there she keeps her troubles to herself. The average man, confident in the possession of superior strength, makes no effort to control his temper nor speech, therefore the wife must be humble or else seek a remedy in the divorce court. In such cases men are morally the "weaker vessels" because they must not be "bothered about trifles" Hurry takes them to work, meetings and clubs. The wife has no time to refresh her tired nerves, but she strains her eyes with fancy-work. Hurry is nothing only our feverish desire to gain a good seat in the earthly temple of riches dominion and glory

Malad City, Idaho. K J J.

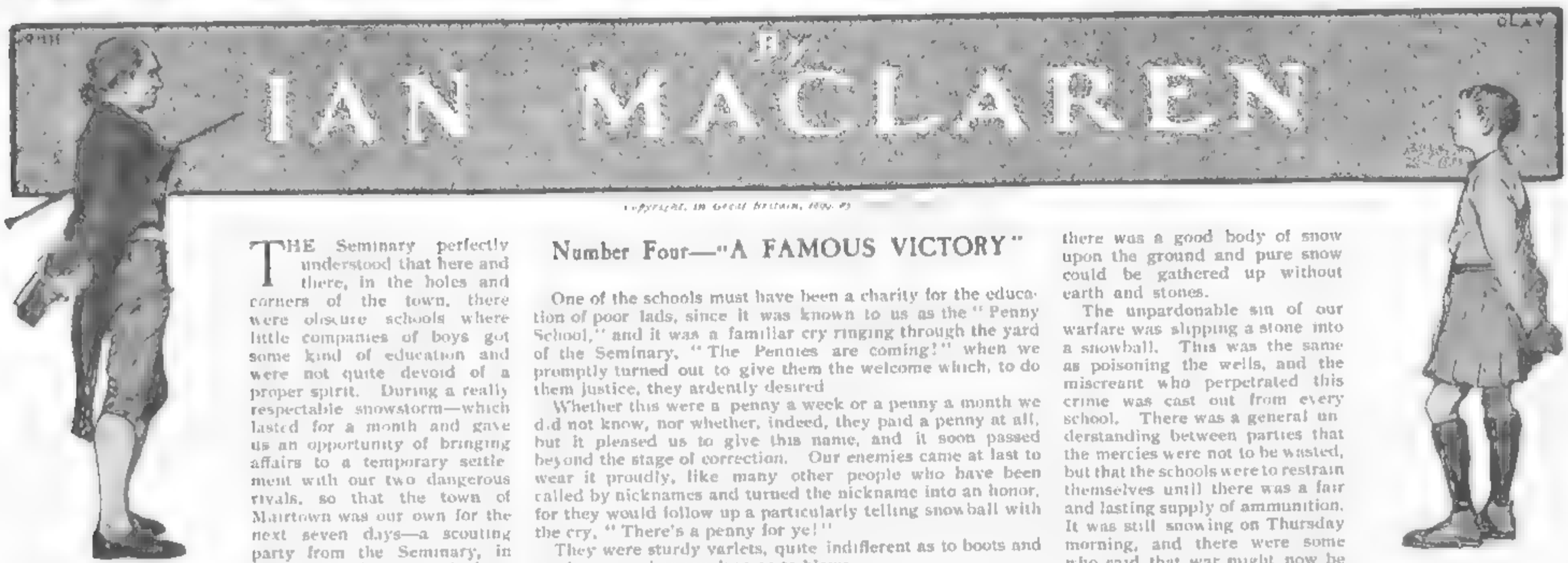
Editor Saturday Evening Post

Printed in italics upon the editorial page opposite to Mr. Thompson's excellent essay on Education and Discontent, we find a well-tuned keynote for it. "A man begins to learn when he learns that he cannot learn everything" This stage of knowledge is at once, the highest degree of content and discontent beautifully blended. The former (content) is derived from the energy necessary for obtaining all that is obtainable in part only. The most essential element of energy is content. Ambition without energy is discontent *per se*

Mr Thompson's views of discontent are all direct ones. There is an indirect way by which education may create discontent The well-known passage, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," cannot fail to illustrate the point, no matter which of its different meanings we may choose to take *O sancta simplicitas!* is a three-blessed trio of words

New Middletown, Indiana GEORGE H MARIS

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL



Copyright, in Great Britain, 1899, by

THE Seminary perfectly understood that here and there, in the holes and corners of the town, there were obscure schools where little companies of boys got some kind of education and were not quite devoid of a proper spirit. During a really respectable snowstorm—which lasted for a month and gave us an opportunity of bringing affairs to a temporary settlement with our two dangerous rivals, so that the town of Muirtown was our own for the next seven days—a scouting party from the Seminary, in search of adventures, had an encounter with a Free Kirk school, which was much enjoyed and spoken about for weeks beside the big fire

Spug began, indeed, to lay out a permanent campaign by which the boys going home southward could look in from time to time on the Free Kirkers, and he indicated his willingness to take charge of the operation. It was also said that an Episcopal or Papist school—we made no subtle distinctions at the Seminary—in the northern district might afford some sport, and the leadership in this case was to be left to Duncan Robertson, the other Captain of the common wealth. Snow did not last the whole year round even in a Scot's town; but it was wonderful what could be done in summer by the use of book-bags, well stuffed out with Cæsar and Lennie's English Grammar, and at the worst there always remained our fists

The pleasure of planning these campaigns is still a grateful recollection, for it seemed to us that by spreading our forces we might have perpetual warfare from January to December and over the length and breadth of the town, so that no one would be compelled to return to his home of an evening without the hope of a battle, and every street of the town would be distinguished by conflict. Nothing came, however, of those spirited enterprises that year, because our two rivals, laying aside their mutual quarrels, which were very bitter, we understood, and entering into a covenant of falsehood—their lying filled us with holy indignation—attacked us front and rear while we were having an innocent game of Russians and English on the north meadow

Although taken unawares, and poorly provided with weapons, we made a good fight but in the end we were scattered so completely that Spug never reached the school again that day, for which he was thrashed by Bulldog next morning, and Dunc came in with a front tooth gone and one black eye, for which he was soundly thrashed at once.

During all that summer we denounced the amazing meanness of the other side, and turned over plans for splitting the alliance, so that we might deal with each power separately and finally. Spug even conducted a negotiation—watchfully and across the street, for the treachery of the other side was beyond description—and tried to come to terms with the representative of our least hated opponent. He even thought—and Peter was not guileless—that he had secured their neutrality, when they suddenly burst forth into opprobrious language, being a very vulgar school indeed, and exposed Peter's designs openly. His feelings were not much hurt by the talk, in which, indeed, he scored an easy victory after he had abandoned negotiations and had settled down to vituperation, but Seminary boys whose homeward route took them past the hostile territories had to be careful all that summer

It was, indeed, a time of bitter humiliation to the premier school of Muirtown, and might have finally broken its spirit had it not been for the historical battle in the beginning of November, when MacGuffie and Robertson led us to victory, and the power of the allies was smashed for years. So great, indeed, was their defeat that in early spring Peter has been known to withdraw himself from marbles in the height of the season and of his own personal profit, for the simple purpose of promenading through the enemies' sphere of influence alone and flinging words of gross insult in at their gates

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of stories under the general title, A Scots Grammar School, which Ian Maclaren has written for The Saturday Evening Post. The first, "Spug," appeared in the issue of June 3; "Bulldog" appeared July 1, and "Nestie," July 29. In an early issue another tale will follow. Each of these stories is complete in itself.

Number Four—"A FAMOUS VICTORY"

One of the schools must have been a charity for the education of poor lads, since it was known to us as the "Penny School," and it was a familiar cry ringing through the yard of the Seminary, "The Pennies are coming!" when we promptly turned out to give them the welcome which, to do them justice, they ardently desired

Whether this were a penny a week or a penny a month we did not know, nor whether, indeed, they paid a penny at all, but it pleased us to give this name, and it soon passed beyond the stage of correction. Our enemies came at last to wear it proudly, like many other people who have been called by nicknames and turned the nickname into an honor, for they would follow up a particularly telling snowball with the cry, "There's a penny for ye!"

They were sturdy varlets, quite indifferent as to boots and stockings, and as much so as to blows.

Through their very regardlessness the Pennies would have been apt to rout the Seminary—whose boys had given pledges to respectability, and who had to answer searching questions as to their personal appearance every evening—had it not been for stalwarts like MacGuffie, whose father, being a horse-dealer, did not apply an over strict standard of judgment to his son's manners or exploits, and Robertson, who lived in lodgings and, being a soldier's son, was supposed to be in a state of discipline for the Army.

Our feeling toward the Pennies was hardly cordial, but it was as nothing to our hatred of MacIntyre's school, which called itself an Academy, and had a Latin master, and held examinations, and affected social equality with the Seminary Every one knew that the Seminary had existed in the time of Queen Mary.

Every one also knew that MacIntyre's whole concern belonged to himself, and that he collected the fees in every class on Friday morning, that he took home what was over after paying his assistants, and that butcher meat for the MacIntyre family next week depended on the result. MacIntyre drew his supplies from the small tradesmen, and a Seminary lad going in to get a new pair of boots at Meiklewham's would have a fine sense of pride in being measured by an old opponent whose face had often looked out on him amid the mist of battle

This pretentious and windy institution even attempted the absurdity of a yearly prize giving, when, instead of the Provost sitting in state and glaring before him with a Horace in his hands upside down, MacIntyre's minister would hold forth on tidiness and courtesy, and such-like contemptible virtues. Had a Seminary boy been offered the choice, he would almost have gone to the Pennies as to MacIntyre, for in this case he had not been an impostor and a fraud

For a week the weather had been hovering on frost, and on Wednesday afternoon the snow began to fall with that quiet and steady downpour which means a lasting storm

Spug went home in great spirits, declaring, to an admiring circle of junior boys, that if Providence were kind and the snow continued there would be something worth living for

As the snowball war was a serious affair, and was conducted after a scientific fashion, it never commenced until there was a good body of snow upon the ground and pure snow could be gathered up without earth and stones.

The unpardonable sin of our warfare was slipping a stone into a snowball. This was the same as poisoning the wells, and the miscreant who perpetrated this crime was cast out from every school. There was a general understanding between parties that the mercies were not to be wasted, but that the schools were to restrain themselves until there was a fair and lasting supply of ammunition. It was still snowing on Thursday morning, and there were some who said that war might now be declared; and Jock Howison, ever a daring and rash spirit, said we would repent it if we were not ready against one o'clock

Spug and Dunc were, however, of opinion that nothing was likely to take place that day except desultory skirmishes, and that the whole day ought to be spent in accumulating a store of snowballs against Friday, when there was no question that we should have to face the united schools in a decisive battle.

This was the only instance where our Captains ever made a mistake, and they atoned for their error of judgment by the valor and skill with which they retrieved what seemed a hopeless defeat.

As the hours wore on to one o'clock, Spug could be seen glancing anxiously out at the window, and he secured an opportunity for a hasty conference with Dunc during the geometry lesson. About a quarter to twelve he turned from his slate and cocked his ear, and in two minutes afterward every boy in Bulldog's classroom understood that the war had begun and that we had been taken by surprise.

Scouts from MacIntyre's, as we afterward learned, had risked the danger of playing truant, which, in a school like theirs, cost nothing, and had visited our playground. They had carried back news that we were not yet prepared for battle, and our information was that the authorities of Pendy's and MacIntyre's had allowed their schools out at half past twelve in order to take us at a disadvantage.

Before the bell rang and the senior classes were dismissed the Seminary knew that our enemies had seized the field of battle, but we did not know until we came out the extent of the disaster.

The Pennies had come down the back street and had established themselves opposite the narrow entrance between two sheds through which three only could walk abreast from our playground to the street.

They had also sent a daring body of their lighter and more agile lads to the top of the sheds which separated our playground from the street, and they had conveyed down an enormous store of ammunition, so that our playground was absolutely at their mercy, and any one emerging from the corridor was received with a shower of well-made and hard snowballs against which there was no standing

Even if we ran this risk and crossed the playground we could then be raked by the fire from the shed, and a charge through the narrow passage to the street would be in the last degree as hazardous. There were twelve feet of passage, and there were not many who would care to face a stream of snowballs driven by the vigorous hands of the Pennies down this passage as through a pipe

Instead of meeting our enemies on the street, they had penned us up within our own school. MacIntyre's had come down the terrace and seized an excellent position behind two Russian guns which stood opposite our school and about twenty feet from our front entrance. They had made these two guns into a kind of fort, from behind whose shelter, reinforced by a slight barricade of jackets, they commanded our entrance, and had driven in the first boys who emerged, in hopeless discomfiture

It came upon us that we had been shut up back and front, and shut up with the poorest supply of snowballs, and very little snow with which to repair our resources

While the younger boys raged and stormed in the safety of the corridors, Dunc and Spug retired for consultation. In two minutes they came out and gave their orders to the mass of boys gathered together around the "well," and in the "well," and on the stairs, and in the corridors.

Nestie, with the aid of two or three other little boys, had worked without ceasing at the preparation of the balls

It was at this moment that Nestie Molyneux obtained a name which he covered with glory before the close of the day

As he had no class between twelve and one, he had been observing events, and with the aid of two or three other little boys had done what he could to repair the neglect of yesterday. In spite of a rain of snowballs, he had availed himself of a sheltered corner in the playground, and had worked without ceasing at the preparation of the balls. Every ball as it was made was dipped into a pail of water and then, half frozen, was laid in a corner, where it was soon frozen altogether.

"There'll be the feck o' twa hundred balls ready. *Ma certes!* Nestie has a head on his shoulders. Now," said Spug, speaking from half way up the stair, "we'll start wi'

thae balls for a beginnin', and wi' them we'll fecht our way out to the open. As soon as we've cleared the background every ane o' the two junior classes is to mak' balls as hard as he can lick and bring them forward to the fighting line.

"We'll divide the senior school into three divisions; Dunc 'ill tak' forty o' ye and drive MacIntyre frae the guns and along the terrace till ye turn them into Breadalbane Street. Forty o' ye—and I want no Dowbiggins—'ill come wi' me, and we'll bring the Pennies aff the shed quicker than they got up, and drive them up the back streets till we land them wi' the rest in Breadalbane Street; and the juniors 'ill keep us well supplied wi' balls, else Dunc and me 'ill ken the reason at two o'clock.

"Jock Howison, ye're to tak' forty swank fellows that can run and are no feart to be left alane. Ye'll rin around by the North Street and the Cathedral, and come doun the top o' Breadalbane Street till ye cut off MacIntyre's and the Pennies frae their schools. Dae nothin' till ye see Dunc and me drivin' the lot up Breadalbane Street, then come doun frae the back end o' them wi' all yir might, and I'm thinkin' they'll be wanting to be inside their ain yard afore a' be done."

Dunc assembled his corps inside the front porch, each boy supplied with two balls, and with twenty youngsters behind bringing up more. MacIntyre's balls were falling on the front wall and coming in through the wall of the porch.

One of them struck Dunc on the side of the head, but he forbade any return fire.

"They're wastin' their balls," he said; "it'll be better for us"; and then, looking around, "Are ye ready? Charge!" and shouting "Seminary! Seminary!" he led his division across the terrace and fell upon MacIntyre's behind the guns.

It was a short, sharp scrimmage, during which Dunc leveled the leader of MacIntyre's, and then the enemy began to retreat slowly down the terrace, with many a hand-to-hand encounter and scuffle on the snow.

As soon as Dunc's division had cleared the front, Jock Howison collected his lads and started along the terrace in the opposite direction at a sharp run, carrying no balls, for they intended to make them on the scene of operation.

When the other two divisions were off, Spiug addressed his faithful band. "MacFarlane, tak' six birkies, climb up the waterspout, and clean the richt-hand shed, couping the Pennies into the street. Mackenzie, ye're no bad at the fightin'; tak' anither six and empty the roof o' the left-hand shed, and gin ye can clout that Penny that's sittin' on the riggin' it'll teach him to keep in the street next day.

"Noo, that leaves eighteen, and me and Baldie and Jamie Johnston 'ill lend ye down the passage. We'll need six balls each, as hard as ye mak' 'em, and the rest o' ye tak' two in yir arms and ane in yir hand. Pit yir bonnits in yir pocket—they'll no be muckle use—button yir jackets, and when the three o' us gae down the passage for ony sake follow close in behind. Just ane thing more," said Spiug, who was in his glory that day; "I'll need a laddie to keep me gaein' wi' balls, and I want a laddie that has some spunk, for he'll hae a rough time."

Below, thirty of the junior school were waiting and looking at Spiug like dogs for a biscuit. He threw his eye over the group, any one of which would have given his best knife and all his marbles, and thrown in a cricket bat and his last kite, to have been chosen.

"Nestie," said Spiug, "ye're little, and ye're white, and ye're terrible polite, but there's a sperit in ye. Ye'll carry ma balls this day; and noo, ye juniors, aff to the ball-makin', and see that Nestie's bonnit's well filled and there's no ony o' us wanting for a ball when we drive the Pennies doun the back road."

Then Spiug moved to the back corridor and arranged his division, with Nestie behind him, and Baldie and Jamie Johnston on the right hand and on the left. Mackenzie's and MacFarlane's detachments close behind, who were to turn off to the right hand and the left as they emerged from the corridor; the rest were to follow Spiug through the passage of danger. Spiug took two balls and placed them in the hollow of his left arm, feeling them carefully to see that they would leave a mark when they struck a Penny. The third he took in his right hand.

"Noo," he said, "gin onybody be feared, he'd better gae in and sit doun beside the fire wi' the Dowbiggins," and, since nobody responded to this genial invitation, Spiug gave one shout of "Seminary!" and in a minute was across the playground and at the mouth of the passage, while Mackenzie and MacFarlane were already scrambling up the walls of the sheds.

Covering his face with his left arm and sending his first ball direct into the face of the foremost Penny, and following it up with a second and a third driven with unerring aim and the force of a catapult, and receiving anything from twelve to twenty balls between him and Baldie and Johnston, the three led the way down the passage, Nestie close behind Spiug and handing him a new supply of balls.

They met at the outer end of the passage—the Pennies and Spiug's lot—and for about thirty seconds they swayed in one mass of struggling, fighting, shouting boy life, and then, so steady was the play of Spiug's fists, so able the assistance of the other two, so strong the pressure from behind, and so rapid the shower of balls sent over Spiug's head among the Pennies, the Pennies gave way and Spiug and his band burst into the back street, the leader with his jacket torn off his back, and his face bearing the scars of conflict, but full of might, and Nestie with the balls behind him.

The Seminary lads and the Pennies were now face to face in the back street with a space of about ten yards between, and both parties made arrangements for the final conflict. The scouts of the Pennies could be seen bringing balls from Breadalbane Street, and the Pennies themselves made such hasty readjustments of their negligent attire as were rendered necessary by the vigor of the last fighting.

Their commander was a sturdy lad about sixteen years of age, with a great shock of red hair, and fists like iron. His favorite method of charge was to lead his army in the form of an inverted V, he being himself at the apex, and to force his way through the other side on the principle of a wedge.

Spiug did not believe in this arrangement. He led, himself in the centre, and threw out his two lieutenants far out on the right hand and on the left, so that when the Pennies forced their way into the middle of his division Baldie and Johnston were on their right and left flanks—tactics which in Spiug's experience always caused dismay in the attacking force.

The younger boys of the Academy had by this time ample resources of ammunition ready, working like tigers without jackets now or bonnets, and as they brought out the supplies of balls through the passage of victory they received nods of approval from Spiug, each nod being something like a decoration.

It was fine to see Spiug examining the balls to see that they were properly made and of a hardness which would give satisfaction to the expectant Pennies.

Some pleasant incidents occurred during this interlude. When the Seminary lads fought their way through the passage they cut off the retreat of three Pennies who were still fighting with MacFarlane on the top of the right-hand shed.

"What are ye daein' up there?" said Spiug with ironic politeness; "that's no' the ordinar' road into the Seminary"; and then, as they hesitated on the edge of the water-pipe, Spiug conceived what was in these days a fine form of humor. "Come doun," he said, "naebody 'll touch ye"; and then he ordered an open passage to be made through the ranks of the Seminaries.

Down between two lines the unfortunate Pennies walked, no one laying a hand upon them, but various humorists expressing their hopes that they had enjoyed the top of the shed, that it wasn't MacFarlane that had given one of them a black eye, that they hoped one of them hadn't lost his jacket on the roof of the shed, and that they were none the worse of their exertion, and that they expected to meet them later on—which gracious salutations the Pennies received in bitter silence as they ran the gauntlet; and when they had escaped clear of the Seminaries and stood half way between the two armies they turned around with insulting gestures, and one of them cried, "Ye'll get yir paiks (thrashing) for this or the day be done!"

Their arrival among their friends and the slight commotion which it caused in the front ranks of the Pennies was a chance for Spiug, who gave the signal for the charge and made himself directly for the leader of the Pennies. No pen at this distance of time can describe the conflict between the two leaders, who fired forth balls at each other at close distance, every one going to its mark, and one leaving an indelible impress upon Spiug's ingenuous forehead.

They then came to close grip, and there was a tussel for which both had been waiting for many a day. From fists, which were not quite ineffectual, they fell upon wrestling, and here it seemed that Redhead must have the advantage, for he was taller in stature and more sinuous in body. During the wrestle there was something like a lull in the fighting, and both Pennies and Seminaries, now close together, held their hands till Spiug, with a cunning turn of the leg that he had been taught by an English groom in his father's stable, got the advantage, and the two champions came down in the snow, Redhead below.

The Seminaries set up a shout of triumph, and the scouts, running to and fro with the balls behind, joined in with "Well done, Spiug!"

Spiug had all the instincts of a true General, and was not the man to spend his time in unprofitable exultation. It was a great chance to take the Pennies when they were without their leader and discomfited by his fall, and in an instant Spiug was up, driving his way through the midst of the enemy, who were now divided in the centre, whilst Johnston and Baldie had crept up by the side of the houses on either side and were attacking them in parallel lines.

MacFarlane and Mackenzie had come down from the shed with their detachment and were busy in the rear of the Seminaries. Redhead fought like a hero, but was almost helpless in the confusion, and thought it the best strategy to make a rush to the clear ground in the rear of his position, calling his followers after him; and now the Pennies gathered at the far end of the street, beaten in tactics and in fighting, but ever strong in heart and full of insolence.

"That," said Spiug, wiping his face with his famous red handkerchief which he carried in his trousers pocket, and hastily attending to some of his wounds, "that wesna' bad"; and then turning to Nestie, "Ye keep it close, my mannie." Spiug's officers, such mighties as Baldie and Johnston, MacFarlane and Mackenzie, all bearing scars, clustered around their commander with expressions of admiration.

"Yon was a bonnie twirl, and ye coupit him weel."

"Sall, they've gotten their licks," while Spiug modestly disclaimed all credit and spoke generously of the Pennies, declaring that they had fought well and that Redhead nearly got the mastery.

At that moment a shout of "Seminary!" was heard in the rear of the Pennies, and Spiug knew that Duncan Robertson had driven MacIntyre's the full length of the terrace and was now fighting them into Breadalbane Street.

"Forward!" cried Spiug. "Dunc's on the back o' them," and Redhead at the same moment hurriedly withdrew his forces, covering his retreat with a shower of balls, and united with MacIntyre's, who were retiring before Robertson's division.

Amid cries of "Seminary! Seminary!" Spiug and Duncan met where the back street opens into Breadalbane Street, and their divisions amalgamated, exchanging notes on the battle and examining one another's personal appearance.

There was not a bonnet to be seen, and not many jackets, which had either been left behind or thrown off, or torn off in personal conflict with the Pennies; collars may have remained, but that no one could tell, and there were some whose waistcoats were now held by one button. Two or three also had been compelled to drop out of active battle and were hanging in the rear, rubbing their faces with snow and trusting to be able to see clear enough for the final charge; and still the juniors were making their balls and had established a new magazine at the end of the terrace. Several of these impenitent little wretches had themselves been in the thick of the fight, and could be seen pointing proudly to a clout on the forehead or a cut on the lip.

What a time certain mothers would have that evening when their warriors came home, some of them without caps, which would never be recovered, most of them with buttonless waistcoats and torn jackets, half of them with disfigured faces, all of them drenched to the skin, and every one of them full of infinite satisfaction and gladness of heart! Their fathers, who had heard about the battle before they came home and had not failed to discover who had won, being all Seminary lads themselves, would also be much

They met at the outer end of the passage and swayed in one mass of struggling, fighting, shouting boy life

lifted, but would feign to be extremely angry at the savagery of their boys, would wonder where the police were, would threaten their sons with all manner of punishments if this ever happened again, and would declare their intention of laying a complaint before the chief constable.

As, however, it was absolutely necessary in the interests of justice that the whole facts should be known before they took action, they would skillfully extract the whole Homeric narrative, with every personal conflict and ruse of war, from their sons, and only when the last incident had been related would announce their grave and final displeasure.

As for the police, who were not numerous in Muirtown, and who lived on excellent good terms with everybody except tramps, they seemed to have a prophetic knowledge when a snow-fight was coming on, and were detained by important duty in distant streets. It was always, however, believed by the Seminary that two of the police could be seen, one at the distance of the bridge over the Tay, the other at the far extremity of Breadalbane Street, following the fight with rapt attention, and in the case of the Pennies winning, which had been their own school, smacking their lips and slapping their hands under pretense of warming themselves in the cold weather, and in the event of the Seminaries winning marching off in opposite directions, lest they should be tempted to interfere, which they would have considered contrary to the rules of fair play and giving their own school a mean advantage.

Perhaps some ingenuous modern person will ask, "What were the masters of the Seminary about during this hour?" The rector was sitting by the fire in his retiring-room, reading a winter ode of Horace, and as faint sounds of war reached his ears he would stir the fire and lament, like the quiet old scholar that he was, that Providence had made him ruler of such a band of barbarians; but he would also cherish the hope that his barbarians would not come off second.

As for Bulldog, his mind was torn between two delights—the anticipation of the exercise which he would have next day and the pleasure which his lads were having to-day—and nothing more entirely endeared Bulldog to his savages than the fact that, instead of going home to dinner during this hour, which was his usual custom, he contented himself with a biscuit. He was obliged to buy it in a baker's shop in Breadalbane Street, from which he could command a perfect view of the whole battle, especially as he happened to stand in the doorway of the shop, and never returned to school till the crisis of war was over. He was careful to explain to the school that he had himself gone for the purpose of identifying the ringleaders in mischief, and it was on such an occasion that Spiug, keeping his right cheek immovable toward Bulldog, would wink to the assembled school with irresistible effect.

Nor ought one to forget the janitor of Muirtown Seminary, who had been a Sergeant in the Black Watch and had been wounded three times in the Crimean War. His orders, as given him by the rector and reinforced by all law-abiding parents, were to prevent any boy of the Seminary leaving the school for the purpose of a snowball fight, and should such an unfortunate affair take place he was directed to plunge into the midst and by force of arm to bring the Seminaries home to their own fireside, leaving rough and rude schools like the Pennies and MacIntyres to fight at their wicked will. For did not the Seminary lads move in polite society, excepting Spiug, and were they not going to be, as they have become, clergymen and lawyers and physicians, to say nothing of bailies on the bench and elders of the kirk?

These orders Sergeant Dougal MacGlashan carried out, not so much in the bondage of the letter as in the fullness of the spirit. Many were the conversations which Spiug and he had together in anticipation of the snow time, when you may believe, if you please, that that peaceable man was exhorting Spiug to obedience and gentleness, or, if you please, that he was giving the commander of the Seminary certain useful hints which he himself had picked up from the "red line" at Balaklava. Certain it is that when the Seminaries went out that day in battle array the Sergeant was engaged mending the fire with great diligence, so that he was not able to see them depart.

Afterward it was the merest duty for him to stand at the end of the passage of victory, lest the Pennies or any other person should venture on another outrage; and if he was late in calling his boys back from Breadalbane Street, that was only because the cold had made his wounds to smart again, and he could only follow them in the rear till the battle was over. When the evil was done there was no use of vain regret, and in the afternoon the Sergeant used to stand beside the big fire and hear accounts of the battle from one and another, and then he would declare that there were lads in Muirtown Seminary who would have done well at Inkerman and the storming of the Redan.

Breadalbane Street, which was broad and straight, with the back road to the Seminary on the right hand and the street to MacIntyre's and the Pennies on the left, had been the battle-ground for generations, for it gave opportunity for deploying in divisions, for front attack and for flank, as well as for royal charges which extended across the street.

MacIntyres and Pennies had been recruited from their several schools and supplied afresh with ammunition. Redhead took command of the united force and arranged them across the street in his favorite wedge, with the base resting on the home street, and this time he gave the signal, and so impetuous was their charge that they drove their way almost through the ranks of the Seminaries, and Spiug himself, through sheer weight of attack, was laid flat in the middle of the street. Robertson and his officers rallied their forces, but it was possible that the Seminaries might have lost the day had it not been for the masterly foresight of Spiug and the opportune arrival of Jock Howison. That worthy had taken his division by a circuitous route, in which they had been obstructed by a miserable Episcopal school which wanted a fight on its own account, and had to receive some passing attention.

A little late, Howison reached the Cathedral, and then, judging it better not to come down Breadalbane Street, where his attack would have been exposed, he made his way on the right of the street by passages known only to himself, and having supplied his division with ammunition from a snowdrift in a back entry, he came into the home street, which was the only line of retreat for the enemy, and cut them off from their base.

Leaving a handful of lads to prevent the scouts coming out from the Pennies or the MacIntyres with information, and driving before him the ammunition train of the enemy, he came around into Breadalbane Street with thirty-five tough fighters raging and fuming for the battle and just in the nick of time. It was hard for any fighting man to have spent something like half an hour wandering around circuitous streets and holding ridiculous conflicts with unknown schools, when the battle of Waterloo, with the fate of the Empire of Muirtown, was hanging in the balance.

Before Redhead had notice of the arrival of the new division they were upon his rear, and a play of snowballs fell upon the back of the Pennies. This was more than even veteran forces could endure, and in spite of Redhead's heroic efforts, who fired his balls alternately back and forward, his forces fell into a panic. They broke and drove their way through Howison's division, receiving severe punishment from balls fired at a distance of a few feet, and then, in spite of the efforts of their officers, who fought till they were black and blue, but chiefly red, the enemy rushed down the home street and, sweeping the rearguard of Howison's before them like straws in a stream, made for their respective schools.

The Seminaries in one united body, headed by the three commanders and attended by the whole junior school, visited the Pennies' school first, whose gates were promptly closed, and having challenged the Pennies with opprobrious words to come out and fight like men—Redhead being offered the chance of single combat with Dunc or Spiug or Jock Howison—the Seminaries then made their way to MacIntyre's Academy. As this unfortunate place of learning had no gate, Spiug led the Seminaries into the centre of their courtyard, MacIntyre's boys having no spirit left in them and being now hidden in the classrooms. As they would not come out, in spite of a shower of courteous invitations, Spiug stood in the centre of their courtyard and called the gods to witness that it had been a fair fight and that the Seminaries had won.

A marvelous figure was he, without bonnet, without collar, without tie, without jacket, without waistcoat, with nothing on him but a flannel shirt and those marvelous horsey trousers, but glorious in victory. Taking a snowball from Nestie, who was standing by his side, openly and in face of MacIntyre's masters, gathered at a window, he sent it with unerring aim through the largest pane of glass in MacIntyre's own room.

"That," said Spiug, "'ill tell ye the Seminaries have been here."

Then he collected his forces and led them home, down the cross street and into Breadalbane Street, down the middle of Breadalbane Street, and around the terrace, and in by the front door into the Seminary.

As they came down they sang, "Scots wha hae," and the juniors, who had rushed on before, met them at the door and gave three cheers first for Spiug, then for Dunc, and then for Jock Howison, which homage and tribute of victory Spiug received with affected contempt but great pride of heart. In order to conceal his feelings he turned to his faithful henchman, little Nestie Molyneux, who, always a delicate-looking little laddie, was now an altogether abject spectacle, with torn clothes, dripping hair and battered face.

What a time certain mothers would have that evening when their warriors came home

"Nestie," said Spiug, in hearing of the whole school, "ye're a plucky little deevil," and although since then he has been in many places and has had various modest triumphs, that still remains the proudest moment in Nestie Molyneux's life.

THE DIARY OF A WEAKLING

No. 2—Why Miss Lethbridge Laughed

By BARRY PAIN

FOR a whole month I have never been to see Miss Halloner. I have never written to her. I have only seen her once, and that was by chance, in the street; she cannot have seen me, as, although I took off my hat, she did not bow. Poor girl! I wonder what she has thought of my neglect. Well, she has only herself to blame.

At one time I had made up my mind to give her up altogether. But Miss Ada Lethbridge, who might have taken her place, has sadly disappointed me. It is a mistake to select a wife solely on the grounds of her personal attractions. I should be sorry to marry a woman who could not respect her husband. The habit of giggling over any unfortunate occurrence is extremely annoying to me. I must have respect. Miss Lethbridge sealed her doom, if I may use the expression, about a week ago.

Her brother is a big and extremely energetic man. To be just, he is good-natured, but, like his sister, he sees subjects for mirth where I myself can see none. Also, he cannot be content with the violent exercises which, he says, he enjoys; he is always advising and persuading other people to join in them as well. He has singled me out especially, saying that unless I take more exercise he fears that my days are numbered.

Now, as it happens, I do take exercise, but I do not bicycle. I once took lessons for a couple of months, but after that the instructor (who knew what he was talking about) said that mine was one of those temperaments to which the tricycle was better adapted. I must say that, for a lover of Nature, like myself, it is essential that one should be able to stop and admire the scene without dismounting. Besides, I could not dismount from the bicycle unless some one held the machine steady for me; and the practice of dismounting from a machine practically in motion, though general, seems to me very dangerous and undesirable. Every way the tricycle is the superior machine. As it happened, my instructor had been asked to sell one—second-hand, but very little used—by the widow of an old gentleman to whom it had belonged. I purchased it, and as the instructor asked me not to let it be generally known how much I gave him for it, I gather that it was particularly cheap.

So one day when Lethbridge was bothering me to play cricket, or some such nonsense, I answered that my tricycle gave me all the exercise that I required.

"What?" he said, "you've got a tricycle? Good! Come with us next Saturday. Train out of London; then a very short ride. Then lunch, and ride back."

I pointed out to him that it was not fair to ask a tricycle to keep up with bicycles. He said that his sister and another girl were coming. This rather attracted me, as I had met Miss Lethbridge before, and she is, superficially, good-looking. "It'll be a precious slow crawl anyhow," he said. "They're neither of them flyers. I'm only going myself because I've been at it a bit too hard lately and want a slack day."

So on Saturday morning I wheeled my tricycle into Paddington and joined them. The brief railway journey was pleasant enough. Miss Lethbridge was, at first, a little nervous, but discussed the Dreyfus case with some intelligence.

After we had left the country station and mounted our machines, I asked Miss Lethbridge where we were going. To my surprise she named a riverside hotel at least twelve miles away. I said that it was too far for a woman. She replied that I should get on better if I pedaled more evenly and didn't jerk so much. We rode on for a little way, and then Lethbridge and the other girl, who had gone ahead at what I considered a fool's pace, turned around and came back to us. Lethbridge said that we were riding to the Swan for luncheon that day, not for breakfast on the next. The other girl and Miss Lethbridge seemed to find this amusing. I explained that I was not one of those who make a toil of pleasure.

However, after this, for about four miles, the road had a gentle slope downward and I got on much better. I put my feet up, and occasionally gave a touch to the brake, and really enjoyed the exercise very much.

Certainly fortune seemed to favor me. When at the end of the four miles we came upon a hill which would have caused me much painful effort to no practical purpose, I saw near at hand a splendid solution of the entire difficulty. I got off to tighten my chain, and would not hear of their waiting for me. I said that it was the loose chain which had been bothering me, and when I had put that right I should soon catch them up. They were already rather late and let themselves be persuaded.

As soon as they were around the corner I made for the railway station which I had just noticed down a road at the side. I found that in ten minutes I could get a train to take me the rest of the way. I was careful not to arrive at the Swan until a few minutes after them. Then I put my machine into the coach-house and joined them.

They were really surprised. They asked me if I had actually ridden all the way. I said "Yes" without hesitation.

"Why," said Lethbridge, "you're a better man than I took you for!"

"Ah!" I said, "for hill-climbing the tricycle has the advantage."

Altogether, I could see that I had gone up in their esteem, which was by no means unpleasant; during luncheon Miss Lethbridge seemed very much interested in my further explanation of the Dreyfus case.

After luncheon I had yet another stroke of luck. It came on to rain hard, and after waiting a little while for it to clear, Lethbridge decided that it had set in for the remainder of the day and that we had better go back by train. With this agreed we all went into the hotel-yard, and I got my machine out of the coach-house. There fortune deserted me. Suddenly Lethbridge pointed to one of my hind-wheels, and went into a roar of laughter. Both Miss Lethbridge and the other girl joined in it, laughing in an uncontrolled and boisterous way which seemed to me very unladylike. The fact is, that round one of the spokes was the railway company's label! I had not noticed it myself. I wish I had. But that does not excuse the conduct of Miss Lethbridge.

"Come on," said Lethbridge, "let's get our tickets—I mean, tighten our chains."

Then the girls laughed again. I attempted several times to explain, but I was always met with more laughter.

No, Ada Lethbridge has disappointed me. And when I, Lionel Hicks, am disappointed in a woman; I make a point of showing it.

The BOOKS of the Week

The Churchills and Richard Carvel*

ONE would think that a name like Winston Churchill was not so common but that a man might make it famous without risk of rival claimants to its renown. Yet here we have two men, both brilliant, both ambitious, the one in England, the other in America, simultaneously thrusting the name into prominence, doubtless to the exasperation of both, and certainly to the confusion of their readers. The English Winston Churchill, son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, announces his intention of being known henceforth as Winston Spencer Churchill—which is, perhaps, but an easy step to a relinquishment of the Winston. Certainly his American namesake, by so fine and solid an achievement as the story of Richard Carvel, appears to have made good his precedence.

Richard Carvel almost does for old Maryland what Hugh Wynne does for old Philadelphia, though it has not so much beauty and distinction of style as Weir Mitchell's masterpiece. Its charm is less subtly persuasive and pervasive. Nevertheless, it is by no means lacking in those qualities which go to make literature. It is written in good, clear, adequate narrative English, faithful to the time, but not pedantically so. Most, though not all, of the chief characters are well realized; the action is heroic; the romance pure, fervent and lofty.

At times the story seems to lag under its burden of details, but these details are such as the discriminating reader would not willingly see pruned off, for they make to live again with excellent vividness the picturesque and stately life of Lord Baltimore's colony as it found expression in its ancient capital of Annapolis. There was a gracious abundance, an aristocratic poise and sufficiency about the Colonial life in that region; and these qualities breathe from the page.

There is plenty of villainy in the book, as romance requires, but it is never allowed to keep one too long on the rack. Not least among the many merits of the story is its judicious temper. It deals with a lamentable period, the period when our race was madly rent in twain. The author is a thorough-going American, and his hero an ardent Revolutionist. But the historical setting is fair and without prejudice, the point of view that broad and temperate one which makes for the healing of old wounds. One vital fact, too often forgotten in America, is kept in sight from beginning to end of the story—the fact that it was a King's, not a people's, folly which brought on the Revolution. The book is a help to the realization of that essential unity of our race which lies deep below political divisions, and which affords, I cannot but think, our best hope for the world's peace.

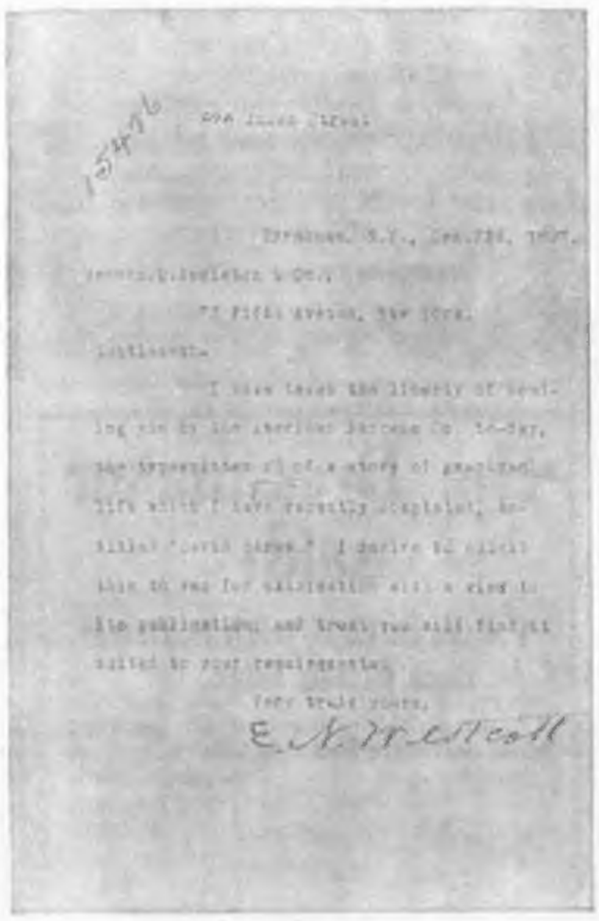
William Sharp's Masterpiece†

IN VIEW of the fact that Miss Fiona Macleod and Mr. William Sharp have been declared persistently to be but one person under two names, it is an easy transition to them from the two persons of whom I have just spoken under the one name of Winston Churchill. Otherwise it would be a kind of incongruity to write of these strange books—Silence Farm and The Dominion of Dreams—on the same page with Richard Carvel, so wide apart are the poles of their achievement. The latter appeals to the intelligent many who read to be entertained and who know when a good story is well told. Both the former, though differing profoundly between themselves, agree in this, that their appeal is rather to those few whose souls vibrate to the eternal mysteries of beauty, of anguish, and of inexplicable dream.

As it has been confidently asserted on both sides of the Atlantic that Fiona Macleod was but a pen-name of Mr. William Sharp, it may not be out of place for me to treat the absurd story with so much respect as to give it here a categorical and authoritative contradiction. Critics of any great subtlety must have laughed at the story from the first, for they must have seen the essential difference, a difference rooted in the innermost fibres of personality, between the work of Fiona Macleod and that of William Sharp.

Yet there are circumstances to give the tale a certain plausibility. It was through Mr. Sharp that this young Celtic rhapsodist, this authentic heir to the prophet-bards of Eiré and Alba and Abhlach, made her entrance upon the stage of latter-day letters. He has stood sponsor to her genius, and his accomplished technique has not been without its influence upon her expression. Choosing, as she does, to avoid all publicity except that which pertains to her work, the mystery of her reserve has given a measure of excuse to those who have undertaken to prove her a myth. She is, however, a very real and vivid fact, the supreme flowering of the Celtic Renaissance. I am strongly inclined to think that before long she will come to be accepted as the greatest woman genius produced by our race during the last half-century.

Mr. Sharp's book, it seems to me, is the top of his achievement so far. A few—a very few—of his lyrics and one or two short stories alone stand as high. The title is singularly



THIS IS A FAC-SIMILE OF THE LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. WESTCOTT WHEN HE SUBMITTED DAVID HARUM, THE SUCCESS OF THE YEAR

adequate, subtly preparing the mind for the inescapable doom of the drama. For it is a drama, not a romance—a piece of old Greek tragedy, unswerving, inexorable, long foretold, evolving on the black expanses and under the bleak, low skies of the Scottish moorlands. The power of the work is above all that *katharsis* which Aristotle demands of tragedy. It does purge the soul with terror, weighing it down with the sense of impending fate. The story is all bitter realism, but seamed, as it were, with flaming scars of beauty. The plot is simple, and works itself out with swift, undeviating directness. The author seems too much possessed by his theme to be concerned for an instant with side issues. Nothing is of moment but the main action and the strange, terrible lighting which sympathetic nature throws upon it.

The concentration and intensity of the work are astonishing, and one does not feel as a fault the shadowy unreality of the minor characters. In fact, it is only the three central characters who live. They stand in the focus, and the fierce light strips them bare. The others are but shapes—voices out of the unconsidered gloom.

The Dominion of Dreams‡

FROM the scorching realism of Silence Farm to the iridescent and Protean idealism of The Dominion of Dreams is a healing transference. Here, too, is tragedy and to spare. Wild passion finds the cup of anguish forever at its lips, and Death treads close upon the shadow of Love. But the ever-present influence is beauty—the beauty of the seen and of the unseen world; the beauty of pain as of joy; the beauty of life and death inextricably interwoven, and the ceaseless lure of mystery. In these wonderful pages one seems ever keenly aware of the elements. Sun, wind and flame, the dew and the flood, the dust and the mountain-top, assume personality. Godhead is everywhere immanent, and the horizons of life are continually lifting that the bodily eye may catch glimpses of spiritual things. With all this wonder and enchantment, however, we feel secure footing. The earth is firm ground to the wandering feet; we recognize the earth-smells and the savor of the salty spume; it is the palpable, familiar world that weaves the unfamiliar enchantments. The men and women, too, are alive, red-blooded, pulsing with human passion, beautiful, and enamored of beauty. They are a strong people, and the world they occupy is one that never forgets its occupation by the ancient gods. Of such substance is the texture of the fabric which Fiona Macleod weaves; and she weaves as one who has looked into the deeps of her own heart and seen therein patterns both of time and of eternity.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

How Richard Carvel was Written

MORE copies of Richard Carvel were ordered before the publication of that novel than are sold of many books which are called successes, and the demand has steadily increased. Richard Carvel was begun before The Celebrity, although it was completed only last spring. Winston Churchill, the author, as most of the readers of the POST know, was a newspaper writer in the West before he came East, became a New York magazine editor and a successful novelist.

Mr. Churchill is extremely painstaking in his work. He believes that good fiction is the result of much writing. The Celebrity was written four times. In composing Carvel it was his custom to make a draft of some forty or fifty pages, then to re-write it more accurately and knit it more closely, and then to repeat the process on the typewriter, which he manipulates himself.

This re-writing enables the author to see his matter in print, and thus to form some judgment upon it. Finally, when it was finished in this manner he re-read all the history connected with it, and carefully considered the story as a whole. He then saw more or less clearly where it might be abridged, and where it might with advantage be added to. He was also able to see whether the incidents chosen were the best for furthering the development of his characters.

Then he re-wrote the whole, sometimes using the typewriter and sometimes not, and as fast as these finished chapters were turned off they were sent to the printer and put into galleys. The chapter on the fight between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis was wholly re-written after being put into type.

Mr. Churchill believes that in composing an historical novel which shall faithfully reflect the manners and customs of a time, it is impossible to make a cut and dried synopsis beforehand, therefore in Carvel he delayed arriving at the notion of any plot as long as possible, since the plot was necessarily limited by historical happenings and further confined by the characters of the historical personages.

Mr. Churchill's habit is to work all morning and part of the afternoon.

A New Thompson Book

THE Trail of the Sandhill Stag is the attractive title of Ernest Seton Thompson's new book. As in Wild Animals I Have Known, Mrs. Thompson contributes some artistic work of her own. In this book Mr. Thompson lets his readers into the confidences and personal life of the stag.

Ad. Writing. A new and profitable profession. We furnish the foundation—the accumulated knowledge on the subject. Send your address for invaluable information. Investigation will cost you nothing.
ADV. WORLD PUBLICITY CLUB, Columbus, O.

WALL PAPER
Send for free sample book of beautiful designs direct from manufacturers and save 25 per cent.
AGENTS WANTED
KAYSER & ALLMAN
1214-1216 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Northwestern University Dental School

THE Dental Department of Northwestern University is the largest in the world. Thoroughly equipped. All modern appliances. The thorough work done in this institution has attracted students from every part of the civilized world. Six hundred students during the past session. Next session begins Oct. 4, 1899. Free Catalogue "B" gives full information. Address THEO. BENGES, D.D.S., Sec., 116 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

The Enlarged POST

Begins with the Issue of

September 30

Thereafter THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be a weekly magazine for young men and the home, increased in size from sixteen to twenty-four pages, with a thirty-two page double number every fourth week. In its new form the page will be slightly shortened for the sake of convenient handling. The increased size of the paper will give space to some new and attractive departments, and a greater number of short stories by the best writers. Notable among the new features of the enlarged POST will be weekly articles devoted to out-of-door sports, written in each case by a specialist of national reputation.

• • •

The first double number of the POST, to be issued September 30, will have a handsome cover, reproducing in colors George Gibbs' picture of the famous fight between the Constitution and the Guerrière. It will be the Fall Fiction Number, and will contain the first installment of Cyrus Townsend Brady's thrilling romance—

For the Freedom of the Sea

Following the POST's new plan, one-third of this novel will be given in the first installment. There will be no long, dragging serials in the enlarged POST.

• • •

This issue will also contain a number of short stories by American and English writers of the first rank. Among them are:

A New Sensation

The story of a heartless woman: how she found her heart and lost it again.

By SARAH GRAND

The Sergeant's Private Madhouse

The tale of a crazy marine who broke up a battle with a hymn.

By STEPHEN CRANE

Under the Eaves

A romance of the "'Forty-niners."

By BRET HARTE

The Q. C.'s Story

The tale of a plunger and his private annex to the Bank of England.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

What to Read

Signed reviews of the early Fall fiction, by popular writers.

There will also be special articles by eminent writers; short, humorous sketches; thoughtful, down-to-date editorials, and articles of gain and value to young business men. The enlarged POST will thus give to its readers each month the equivalent of four high-grade magazines at less than the cost of one.

This is your last chance to take advantage of the POST'S special subscription offer. This offer expires August 31 and will not be renewed.

*Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. *The Macmillan Company.*

†Silence Farm. By William Sharp.

‡The Dominion of Dreams. By Fiona Macleod.

MODERN FABLES

By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

No. 2.—ATTRACTING ATTENTION

A FLEA, which saw many people trying to get the attention of a King and waiting long for that purpose, said, "Though I am but a little thing, I will get his attention." So he jumped up the throne until he got on the King's head. Here he received recognition from the King by a slap; and when he boasted to a dog of his success the latter said, "Some get attention by their merit, others by their demerit. In making yourself a nuisance you got recognition before the lords of the realm, but only as a flea."

A LITTLE LESSON IN TRADING

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

IT WAS in the smoker, and three of them had told how they made their first business ventures. When it came the turn of the fourth, a solemn-looking man with an honest blue eye, he said:

"My first business venture would lack interest after your stories, gentlemen, but I'll never forget my first day's swapping. If there's any one in this group that knows me he'll vouch for my truthfulness." No one had ever seen him until he had entered the train, so he began without any credentials.

"I must have been about sixteen. Father had often asked me what I intended being when I grew up, and I had always answered that it would be time enough to decide when I got there. The thing that decided my future was trivial. Such things often are. One day we caught a mouse in the kitchen trap. That wasn't remarkable, but the mouse was, for although he was an ordinary house mouse, he was pure white. I begged my mother to let me have him, and I made him a little harness out of leather—I was always handy that way—and then I hitched him to a little toy cart and tied a string around his neck, and took him out in the street to show to the boys. They all wanted him, and offered me all sorts of things for him—tops, knives, marbles. I wouldn't swap until a boy in the next block offered a pretty Maltese cat that could walk on his hind legs, like a poodle; and then I said I'd swap. The exchange was made at once.

"I took the cat into the house and made him a little uniform, and in a few minutes I was out on the street ready to swap again. This time I caught the fancy of a boy who had a black-and-tan dog that could play dead. He soon had my cat and I had the dog, and was back in the house fixing him up in regimentals which I faked out of a discarded doll's dress of my sister's. Then, as my swapping instinct was fully aroused, I went to the house of a friend of mine who had a large Collie dog.

"His dog was sick, which suited me down to the ground, for I made him believe that a dog who could play dead was much better than a dog who was really sick. As soon as we'd swapped I took the big dog around to a dog fancier, a friend of mine, and asked him if he could cure the Collie, and he gave him a simple remedy that worked like a charm, so that in a few minutes the handsome beast was full of life. He was a beauty, and looked to be worth twice as much as he did when I got him. I had a friend a few blocks away who wanted to buy a Collie, and I knew that he had a pony. Of course I expected to have to give him something to boot, but as luck would have it his pony had gone lame and he was afraid he'd never get any better. Well, I took advantage of it, and talked dog to such an extent that in a few minutes I was leading his pony toward my home, and he was gloating over his new dog."

Here the solemn man looked out of the car window and ruminated until one of the group coughed. This brought him out of his brown study and he went on:

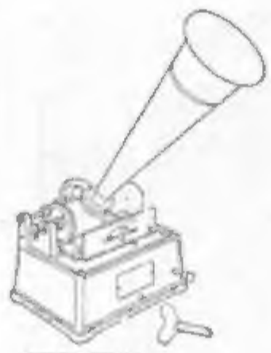
"On my way home I came on a man who had just been thrown by his horse, and he was in a nasty temper about it: said the beast ought to be shot, he'd sell him for a song, and all that sort of talk. Well, he was an easy mark, and I didn't have to talk pony long. Inside of five minutes he had disappeared around the corner with his pony and I was riding his horse home. I felt pretty good. It isn't every youngster who can advance from a worthless mouse to a handsome horse in less than an hour.

"But I wasn't through yet. I took the horse around to my friend, the dog-fancier, to find out what sort of an animal he was, and he no sooner saw him than he wanted him for a saddle horse. He was so eager that I knew the beast must be worth a good deal, and I told him I wouldn't swap even, but if he'd let me have his driving horse and his Concord wagon to boot, I'd go him.

"Well, sirs, it didn't take me many minutes to get into his wagon and start for home with his horse, while he put my horse in his stable and gave him four quarts. I was as pleased as Punch. I knew my father would like the way I had traded, and I communicated my good spirits to the horse, who trotted along in fine style—such very fine style that when I met Jonas Brown, a friend of my father who was out driving his span of chestnuts, he reined up and wanted to know where I'd got such a fine horse. I grinned and drove on."

"Didn't you swap?" asked some one.

"My friend, if I were to say I did I'd be lying, and I don't want to spoil a good story with a taint of mendacity. I didn't swap one horse and a buggy for a span and a carryall by a long shot. I drove home, and when my father heard what I'd done he wanted me to study for the ministry—for the good of society. But I became a stock-broker instead."



GEM, $7.50

Edison New Process Phonograph Records are the only records without a harsh surface. This roughness is disagreeably audible, and also prevents recording the true tone-quality of the instrument or voice.

• • •

They require no more care than your tea-cup, and are the only records of sound now made that are both loud and clear.

• • •

$2000.00 is offered in prizes for the best descriptions of Edison Records. Particulars and entry blanks can be secured from any dealer in phonographs, together with complete catalogues.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
New York

None Genuine without this TRADE Thomas A. Edison MARK

Swift's

Silver Leaf Lard, Premium Hams, Premium Breakfast Bacon, Beef Extract, Jersey Butterine, and Cotosuet, are made in purity, prepared in mechanical cleanliness in open-to-public and sanitary workrooms, all under U. S. Government inspection, and are foods you are sure are pure. Sold everywhere.

Swift and Company, Chicago

The Dressmaker said:

"I always bind with S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge, for

it is the only binding that fits because of its exclusive **Natural Curve**, and no other binding has half its durability or half its dressy elegance. I never bind with other bindings unless ordered to, and then I protest, for even the best of others is not half so durable or dressy."

"S. H. & M." is stamped on back. All shades. If your dealer hasn't it, drop postal to The S. H. & M. Co., Box 6, Station A, New York.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

Kodaks

Make photography simple, easy.

$5.00 to $35.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogue free at the dealers' or by mail.

DO YOU STAMMER

Write at once for our new 200-page book, The Origin and Treatment of Stammering. The largest and most instructive book of its kind ever published. Sent free to any address for 6c. in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a free sample copy of The Phono-Meter, a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address

The Lewis School for Stammerers
60 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

Geo. Andrew Lewis.

The "ONEITA"

(Patented April 25, 1905)

Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

Are complete undergarments, covering the entire body. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove.

No Buttons Down the Front

Made especially for Women and Misses. Convenient to put on, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for Illustrated Booklet B

Oneita Knitting Mills. OFFICE: No. 1 Greene St., New York

Merritt's Luxurious Health Comforts. Odorless Dustless

Any size or weight desired. Ask your dealer for them. Write for samples and descriptive booklet, giving prices, etc., etc. Address Dept. D.

GEO. MERRITT & CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Made of soft, fleecy layers of pure, sterilized wool. Warmer and lighter weight than any other bed-covering. The wool is first covered with cheesecloth (see cut). It is then put into outside cover, making it possible to air or wash when desirable.

LEARN TO ILLUSTRATE

Instruction in drawing for newspapers, magazines, books, by mail or in our classes. Highly profitable. Practical instruction by successful illustrators and art editors. Students trained by our methods have become well-known illustrators. School fully equipped and experienced. Has superior advantages. Located in New York. Classes day and evening. Applied Ornamental Design also taught. Terms reasonable. Call or write for full information.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
114 West 34th Street, New York

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. *Sample Free by Mail.*

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

4 Linen Doilies for 10 Cents

We will send, to any one, four 6-inch Doilies, beautiful flower designs, together with our 100-page Catalogue, on receipt of 10 cents.

C. S. DAVIDSON & CO.
48 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 61

You Enjoy Drinking from a Straw

At the Soda Water Fountain

WHY NOT AT HOME?

TRY THEM AT YOUR NEXT SOCIAL EVENING

For 35c, we will send you by mail, postpaid, ONE GROSS (144 straws) in a box.

S. H. KLEIN & COMPANY
134 South 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Chicago College of Law

Law Department of Lake Forest University. Three-year course; leading degree, LL.B. Prepares for admission to the Bar in all States. Address ELMER E. BARRETT, LL.B., Sec., 100 Washington St., Chicago